NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

VOLUME XXIV.—No. 33. Price Ten Cents.

NOVEMBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The touch of chill November
Falls on the waiting land;
The oak trees and the larches
With shivering branches stand;
And Winter's desolation
Is felt on every hand.

The dead stems mourn their flowers;
The bare trees mourn their leaves;
The voice of coming Winter
Sobbingly sighs and grieves;
And the drear November sunset
Its lengthened shadow weaves.

There breaks not on the silence
The twitter of a bird;
Within the forest arches
No Summer song is heard;
And only by the north-wind
The leafless limbs are stirred.

O birds! O leaves! O flowers!
O fading things and brief!
Our human lives are falling
As falls the Autumn's leaf,
And in our drear November
Our hearts are bowed with grief.

And yet the Winter's bondage—
The ice, the frost, the snow—
Shall melt again and vanish
When Spring's warm breezes blow,
And under Winter's covering
The flower of Hope shall grow.

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Yes," continued De Laumirail; "I fell into the hands of a mob of Frondeurs, who would have thrown me into the river had it not been for the interference of a young officer in the service of Madame De Longueville."

"He was a brave man," observed Andre.

"A brave man? An imbecile—a fool!" said the Count, shrugging his shoulders.

"My lord, you'll cut yourself if you are not quiet," said Andre.

"Do you suppose I would do the same service for the fool, at the risk of my life?" said the Count.

"Neither would I," said Andre, handling the razor with increasing skill. "Now, my lord, you must not say another word, or I will not be responsible for the blood-letting."

He finished the work at last without accident.

As he was putting the finishing touches on the nobleman's face, he could not help thinking that it required only one stroke of the razor to make sure the happy union of Robert and Irene. If the Count had known what was the thought that occupied the soft-handed barber, he would have doubtless been less at his ease indeed.

When the job was finished, it was not quite to the satisfaction of the Count; but Andre did not fail to attribute all shortcomings and irregularities to the nervousness of his customer, and thus easily diverted the blame from himself.

"Besides," continued he, "if monsieur has any doubts that I am an adept at my profession, he has only to accompany me to assure himself that he is mistaken."

"Accompany you! Where?"

"To Mlle. De Laumirail."

"What do you mean?"

"Am I not to dress the lady's hair?" asked Andre innocently.

"Who has told you such nonsense as that?"

"Monsieur Gorju, my master."

"Why, Gorju has never touched a hair of my sister's head."

"I did not know that, my lord. He told me that monsieur had a sister, and I thought it was a part of my duty to attend her as well as monsieur."

"I fear before long my sister will have no need of the good offices of your master."

"She is ill—in danger of death, perhaps?" said Andre, who had not thought of this eventuality before.

"Not at all. She is in a convent, whither she has retired of her own volition, and where she proposes to take the final vows very shortly, if the Queen can be induced to give an order shortening the probation of the novitiate in her especial case."

"Ah, poor dear young lady!" cried Andre. "She is not in Paris, I suppose, and my lord cannot see her often?"

Instead of replying, the Count inspected him contemptuously from head to foot, and left the apartment with a dark frown of displeasure on his face. Andre remained alone. As he hastily gathered together the materials of his trade, he thought carefully over what the Count had told him. He had run his game to earth, and accomplished all he had come for, in learning that Irene had gone to a convent. It is true, this discovery was not of a nature to reassure the poor Baron, but it was the first step towards success. It was only necessary now to find the convent in which the young woman was confined. Everything led to the supposition that it was situated in Paris. The Count would surely never consent to have her too far out of his reach, or where he might not exert a constant influence over her towards carrying out his projects in reference to the disposition of the property left her by father. Andre had gathered up his shaving utensils, and was ready to go out, when he heard a bustle in the adjoining room and a moving of the furniture. As his way out lay through that apartment, there was nothing suspicious in his gratification of his curiosity in regard to the noise. He entered the room.

It was a young woman who was dusting and arranging the furniture. She started and trembled violently when she saw him, but rather, it appeared, from surprise than fear. The shaving materials in Andre's hand, as well as the dress he wore, were sufficient explanation of his presence in the house, however, and her surprise was therefore only momentary.

"What!" said the maid, "is Monsieur Gorju ill?"

"Alas, yes, mademoiselle."

Andre was about to pass on and out, but a new thought came to him, and he stopped.

"I beg pardon, mademoiselle," said he, "but I have only lately come into Master Gorju's service, and I do not know to whom I have the honor of speaking. Is this not Mademoiselle Martine?"

"Yes, monsieur," said the young woman, evidently greatly astonished at hearing her name spoken by a stranger.

Andre's face lighted up with a sudden pleasure. He cast a rapid but comprehensive glance about him, and pressed his forefinger earnestly to his lips.

"Silence," said he in a whisper. "I am not in the service of that old brute of a barber. I am a friend of the Baron Robert, and I come to get some news of your mistress. She is at a convent—that I have learned from the Count—but what convent?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

"Is it in Paris?"

"Oh, yes. My lord, who conducted her there himself, did not remain away over two hours. But what matters that now, since Monsieur Robert is dead?"

"Who is dead? Robert? Thank God, he's not," said Andre.

"What, does he still live?"

"Of course he does."

"But the Count swore to us by all the saints that the Baron had died of his wounds, and it was that that caused Irene to decide to take the veil."

"The Count has deceived you, my dear girl."

"What do you say? By what miracle has he been saved?"

"I am the miracle, my dear. I, who, hearing the Count give the order to his assassins to finish the Baron, took the trouble to devise a stratagem that prevented them obeying his orders. Take courage. He lives, and has not forgotten you and your faithfulness. When he recovers fully you will be rewarded, have no doubt. But, while you wait, take this on account;" and Andre suddenly kissed the young woman.

Martine resisted, but made no noise. She escaped from the hands of the handsome young barber with some difficulty.

"Yes," said she, rearranging her crumpled cap, "I see that the Baron's representative is alive—very much alive—and I only hope that Monsieur Robert is as sprightly as you. In that event there can be no fears for him. I thank you in the name of my mistress for all the trouble you have taken for her sake, but, unfortunately, I can be of no assistance to you. Not only am I unable to see her, since I know not where she is, but it is probable I shall never see her again. It is only by a pretended submission to the will of the Count that I am suffered to remain here, where I have been brought up. To be sure, I am most devotedly attached to Mlle. Irene, but my power is so little now that I could not even convey to her the news that you have brought me."

"Have no fears for that," said Andre. "I will find the means of communicating with her, and disabusing her mind of the error under which it labors. I have taken this matter to heart. I have determined to succeed, and I will do so or perish."

"Rash young man! You do not know how much real danger you are in," said Martine with a shudder. "But go—quick! Here is someone."

As she spoke, the door opened, and Andre saw before him the footman who had ushered him into the Count's apartments. He was on his way to his master to deliver a letter, which he carried on a silver salver.

Andre passed him with the utmost gravity of countenance and demeanor, and hastened to the shop of Master Gorju, where he hastily donned his uniform. After having reassured the trembling barber, he hurried to the bedside of the Baron Robert, whom he briefly informed of the exact situation of affairs. Far from increasing the courage of the wounded man, however, this news seemed only to break him down.

"But," said Andre, "this is better than nothing, isn't it?"

"No," said the Baron; "for this proves to me that the Count will stop at nothing that will secure his ends."

"But all is not lost yet," cried the young officer enthusiastically. "Mlle. Irene is still only a novice, and a year of strict probation must elapse, if I understand the rule correctly, before she can take the veil. Now, we'll be a couple of pretty idiots if we can't in a year's time ——"

"You are in error, Andre," said Robert despondingly.

"How?" asked Andre somewhat petulantly.

"Did you not say the Count told you he hoped to have the term of the probation of the novitiate abridged?"

"Yes, he said so; but that does not make it so yet."

"Well, then, since he is on terms of such intimacy with the Cardinal that he accompanies him in his secret journeys through the streets of Paris, he will not have much trouble in gaining the aid of Ann of Austria. You must know the Queen mother gains her inspiration in all her official acts directly from Mazarin. In some way or other, his is always the power that leads us."

"I know all that; but, at the same time, you must admit that Mlle. Irene will not submit tamely to being hurried to immolation. There is plenty of time for us to accomplish our work. Cure yourself first, and then we will set about it."

With these words, and a brief counsel to look on things cheerfully, Andre left the inn.

CHAPTER XII.
THE ACTRESS' AMBITION.

It was late, and night was coming on. Our young officer was about to return to the dwelling of the Duchess, when he suddenly remembered that he had been saved by Colombine and he had not thanked her for her kindness. As he turned towards the fair-ground where the little theatre was located, it was not without apprehension of some evil having befallen his friends. At all risks, he came to a stop before the little house where he had supped the night before. The servant informed him that Jerome and his sister had left shortly before on their way to the theatre. He directed his steps towards the fair-ground, and soon stood on the territory of the Lazarists. The booths were all ablaze, and the grounds were crowded. Approaching the theatre, he found that the damage done by the mob on the previous night had been promptly repaired, and there were no signs of the riot. Andre went about the building until he came to a little door, which he knew led into the dressing-room occupied by Colombine.

"Who is there?" inquired a voice which he recognized as hers.

"It is I—Andre," he answered.

The door opened at once. Colombine was ready dressed for the play.

She gave a slight start of surprise when she saw the brilliant uniform of her visitor.

"You in this costume?" said she. "Why, what does this mean?"

Andre related to her what had passed.

"And now," said he, when he had finished the recital of his good fortunes. "I protest I love you still, my dear little Jeanette, and I am ready and willing to take up our love-making where we left off when you went off on your travels with your brother. And, if you are willing, I am anxious to be bound by the vows of fidelity I gave you, and I will hold you by the promises you made, for I think you are prettier than ever; but ——"

"Ah, there is a but in your proposal, then," said Colombine, smiling.

"Yes, and more than one, Jeanette—there are three."

"Three of them? Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean Captain Treville, the Marquis of Villebrune, and my Uncle Laberlue."

"I do not understand," said the young girl.

"Neither do I," said Andre; "and that's what is the trouble with me. I want to know why those two gentlemen and that old villain my uncle were at your house?"

"They came to supper."

"Yes, but in what capacity?"

"As friends."

"Only as friends? Nothing more?"

"Nothing more, I assure you."

"Indeed!" said Andre angrily, "as if I did not see plainly that Captain Treville was paying his addresses to you, and the Marquis was making love the best he could, and even my uncle ——"

"Well," said Jeanette with a light laugh, "what matters is it to you if they will flutter around the candle to burn their wings, or rather their moustaches?"

"Oh, that's all very well; but I don't like to have the worriment of fearing that they may escape without a singeing. And now I want to ask your brother why he encourages such impudence by being present, or suffering these gay noblemen to visit you." This said Andre very angrily.

"Ah! you are considerate," said Jeanette sarcastically. "You have no policy to subserve, no audience to please, no influential persons to conciliate. Oh, no! Your bread is cut for you. Your home is secured, your fortune is made."

"My fortune?" repeated Andre.

"Of course. Even if your uncle were to die to-morrow, you would inherit all his property," said the actress.

"That is true; but he is in no hurry to die."

"Even so; but what he has amassed will come to you in the end; so you have no need to worry yourself for the future. But we are not so situated, Jerome and I. We must think of the future, and we think of it seriously. Now do you know what is our brightest, dearest dream? Shall I tell it you?"

"Yes," said Andre, feeling that Colombine was right.

"Jerome has told you how disgracefully we were driven out of the house in which we were born?"

"Yes," said Andre in a tone of sympathetic sadness.

"And do you not think that the memory of this weighs upon our minds and upon our dead father's name with something like shame?"

"True, Jeanette. I understand."

"Well," said Colombine, "we wish to rise the way we fell."

"How?"

"By amassing sufficient money to reopen the little shop our father had, to hang his sign over its doorway—the sign bearing his name—and to make it so handsome and complete that no other can be found to rival it in richness and elegance."

"Why, this is a grand idea!" exclaimed Andre with enthusiasm.

"But to realize it," continued Colombine, "we must have money—plenty of money. Jerome has counted up everything, has calculated even the smallest details, and has arrived at the enormous figures of fifteen hundred livres. He wishes to have five hundred livres over that sum to make sure of unforeseen events. Now, for two years and a half we have labored and saved of our earnings with this single object in view, and we have laid up in all about seventeen hundred livres. Only four hundred more, which means six months of patience and work, and we will realize our dream."

"This is a noble ambition," said Andre; "but it does not explain why Captain Treville, the Marquis and my uncle ——"

"I'm coming to that," said Colombine. "Since we must be prosperous during the next six months in order to bring our hopes to a happy end, the theatre must exist at least that length of time. The attractions of the Italian comedy, and of the fine actors at the regular theatre of Bourgoyne, put us to our best efforts. They are jealous of our success and our receipts. We do not wish to be shipwrecked when we have come so near to our port. It is in order that we may struggle successfully against our powerful rivals that we recruit influential patrons to our cause. This is why you saw the captain of the Queen's Musketeers and the Marquis of Villebrune guests at our house. They are leaders of two political parties of equal strength, and it is absolutely necessary to conciliate both."

"But my uncle," objected Andre. "What has he to do beside these powerful noblemen?"

"Your uncle is a power in himself, my dear Andre. He represents a corporation of the city of Paris. He has a voice in the city council, which gave us authority to open this theatre, and which permits us to remain here now. If that permission were withdrawn to-morrow, we would be ruined."

"I understand," said Andre thoughtfully, "but I am not easy withal; for from what you say I see you are in more ways than one at the mercy of these great folks."

"Not at all," said Colombine with a smile. "I can control my puppets."

"Well, then, until you have earned the rest of your little capital you expect me to calmly look on while these butterflies are fluttering about you?"

"Of course I do. But remember that the butterflies you speak of are rather old and faded ones, after all, for they have all passed into or beyond the fifties," said the actress.

"Well, that is something, to be sure; but I tremble nevertheless. I love you truly, Jeanette, and I only know how deep is my affection when I see you in such danger."

"Thanks, Andre," said the young girl, placing her two hands in his. "These words are a balm for my sufferings. You know not how often during our long severance I have felt my heart sink within me, and the nerved resolution flee from that unhappy heart when I have thought that perhaps I should return to find that you had forgotten me—that your love had faded from your mind like a boyish dream."

"Forgotten you?" cried Andre. "Isn't my jealousy proof that I love you?"

"What shall I say, then?" said Colombine. "Have I not more right than you to be jealous? Did not the Duchess save you from the clutches of Captain Treville? Did you not find an asylum in her house? Has she not even appointed you an officer in her household? Do you not wear her colors? Are you not young and handsome? And isn't the Duchess young and handsome too? She is reputed very fantastic and capricious. And she is very, very beautiful. Now, Andre, don't you think I have a hundred times more cause to fear than you have? And, Andre, to tell you the truth, I am not pleased, I am not satisfied—I am even seriously worried."

Although he privately felt very much flattered by the fears that inspired Colombine, Andre hastened to set her mind at ease.

"Have no fear for me, Jeanette," said he; "I love only you and never can love anyone but you. But you must promise me that, as soon as you have put aside money enough to make up the capital you desire, you will shut your door in the faces of all these fine gentlemen."

"I promise you faithfully."

"And you will not encourage them to fall deeply in love meantime?"

"Oh, there's no danger of that."

"Very well, then," said Andre, rising from the traveling trunk on which he had been sitting during the interview.

"Are you going?" asked Colombine.

"Yes, I must."

"Where are you going to?"

"To the house of the Duchess."

"Why return so soon?"

"So soon? I only came out for a short walk, and here I have been away five hours."

"Ah, you fear your mistress will complain?"

"My mistress?" repeated Andre, drawing himself up proudly.

"Of course, your mistress. Are you not in the service of Madame De Longueville?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Does she not pay you your wages?"

"I can't deny that, but ——"

"Of course you can't deny it; and, although you wear a handsome uniform, and have a sword at your side, you are not the less the servant of the Duchess," said Colombine with some bitterness.

Andre did not reply. He felt that the young girl was right again, and his position was humiliating. In the joy of seeing himself attired in a brilliant uniform, and able to grasp the hilt of a fine rapier, he had not inspected his new situation from the stand-point assumed by Colombine. He embraced her and took his departure.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE NUNS OF VAL DE GRACE.

He had lost the elasticity of step and lofty pride of manner that had marked him before. His self-esteem had been wounded. Jeanette had thrown cold water on the fire of his enthusiasm. And Jeanette had told him the truth, too. The position he occupied was far from giving him the independence he aspired to. So he walked along in the shadows of the walls with lowered head and thoughtful pace, wandering he knew not whither. Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie by a succession of faint screams, accompanied by loud, rude bursts of laughter.

They were women who screamed, and men who laughed. Andre looked about him. He was at the extremity of the Rue de l'Arbre, where the street widened and formed a little square or court called the Place de l'Ecole. It was from this court that the screams and the laughter came. The night was pitch dark; but Andre, by the faint light of a swinging lamp hanging over a doorway some distance off, could distinguish a mass of human forms struggling together. From this mass came the screams and the laughter, again and again repeated. As he hastened forward, however, he could make out four uniforms surrounding two white objects which seemed to him to be like the coifs of nuns, or Sisters of Charity. Andre drew his sword, and, taking his poniard in his left hand, advanced boldly. A final hasty glance convinced him that he was not deceived. Four drunken soldiers were maltreating two *religeuses*.

"Stand back, brutes!" cried Andre.

At the same time he sprang into the midst of them, and pushed so vigorously with his shoulders that two of them lost their equilibrium and fell to the ground.

It may be imagined what a torrent of oaths and what fearful threats greeted him for his intervention. The frightened sisters, on the contrary, seemed to regard him as a veritable archangel sent for their deliverance, and were loud in their thanks and their supplications for protection.

With a soldier (and, above all, with a soldier of this period) there is not much time lost between a threat and its execution. The two soldiers, who were erect, drew their swords on the instant, while the two others arose from their bed of mud and did likewise, and the Sisters crossed themselves piously.

Andre did not give the little squad time to organize itself. The moment he saw the flash of the swords he rushed in. At last he had an opportunity to put in practice the lessons he had learned from the brave sergeant, his uncle's friend, and a fine chance to test their value to the utmost.

This was his first battle. Now, to measure swords for the first time with a man of the profession of arms would have been daring, but to engage in a struggle with four soldiers at once was decidedly rash. He had no time to reconsider his act, however. The suddenness of his attack and the confidence with which he was inspired gave him an immediate advantage over his adversaries. At the first blow he sent down the one of the four who happened to be nearest to him, bounded aside to avoid a blow from the second, and, after beating the steel opposed to him for a few moments, succeeded in wounding another.

"Ah," thought he, "the sergeant is a better fencing-master than I supposed."

By this time the two soldiers who had first been tumbled into the street had gathered their scattered senses and drawn their swords. They now fell upon him with such fury, and pressed him so hard, that Andre gave way and was forced to retreat. Although he fought desperately, he was obliged to give way inch by inch, until at last he found himself against the wall of one of the houses, and consequently unable to retreat another step. This was evidently what his opponents had been striving for, and they showed by their increased activity that they supposed the game was now in their hands. They had not reckoned on the agility of their young adversary, however; for, at the moment when the swords of his enemies were viciously thrust forward together to pin him to the wall, he stooped low, sprang aside, and, then rising, attacked his enemies on the flank. Before they could face about and meet his assault, one of the two had dropped his sword and leaned helpless against the wall, pressing his hands to a wound in his side. The survivor, seeing this, at once took to his heels and disappeared in the darkness, evidently having no stomach for an encounter hand-to-hand and alone with so redoubtable a swordsman as the young officer had proved himself to be.

Andre was very much astonished to find himself master of the field. Everything had passed with such rapidity that he had had no time to think before. The two Sisters, more dead than alive, were still mutely addressing their supplications to Heaven.

"Calm your fears," said he; "all danger has disappeared."

They viewed him in astonishment. His youthful voice and features surprised them much. They could hardly credit the evidence of their eyes. Could this be the figure that had acted such heroic deeds? It was almost impossible to reconcile such strength and skill with such delicacy and youth.

"Permit me to escort you a part of your journey," said Andre. "Where are you going?"

"To the Convent."

"Which one?"

"The Convent of Val de Grace."

"Why, you are a good distance from there."

"We know that well, monsieur."

"If you will permit me, I shall do myself the honor of accompanying you the entire distance."

"We cannot refuse your proffer, young gentleman, for I have learned, alas! that the streets of Paris are no longer safe."

"Come, then," said Andre.

While he had been exchanging these few words, he had found opportunity to examine more closely the faces of the two poor women. His disappointment was great when he had satisfied himself that they were both old and ugly. Andre had hoped for something better from this rencontre. The romance was all departed from our knight's crest; for there is nothing a knight could fight for so well as distressed beauty, but whoever heard of his battling heroically for old age and homeliness? So Andre found there was no romance in his adventure, after all.

"Confound the ruffians! What could have tempted them to attack a couple of nuns of fifty or sixty years?"

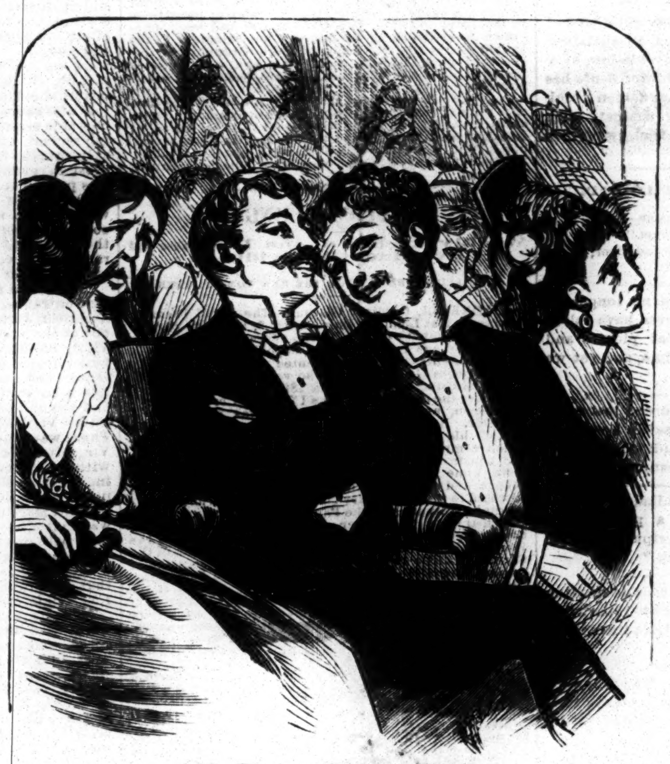
However, he had the good taste not to manifest his surprise. Furthermore, as they walked along he managed to show his politeness by engaging them in conversation. The subject was not difficult to find.

"Ladies," said he, "if I shall not be considered impertinent, may I ask what brings you to this place at such an hour?"

"Brother," replied the taller of the two, "the reason is very simple. I am the Superior of the Convent of Val de Grace, and had gone this day to visit her majesty the Queen, ignorant of the fact that she had departed this morning for St. Germain."

"But what pressing motive occasioned this visit?"

"It concerned a young girl who was brought to us several days since by her brother, who said that the Queen would give us further instructions in regard to her."



AT THE THEATRE.
During the Performance of a Pathetic Piece.

FIRST HARD-HEARTED RUFFIAN TO SECOND DITTO.—Isn't it perfectly absurd to see sensible people blubbering as they are doing here? [Ten minutes later the two hard-hearted ones were also blubbering.]

"Ah, ha!" thought Andre. "Can this be Irene?"

"The young woman did not enter the convent voluntarily, then? She is not one of your novices?" said he aloud.

"She has not declared yet. She seems very sad, and sits alone and weeps all day. From these facts I judge she is not yet in a frame of mind to accept the cloister," answered the Superior.

"Perhaps she has been intimidated," said Andre.

"I think so myself, although she makes no complaint. But the Count de Laumirail, in confiding her to us, gave assurance on his word of honor that she came of her own free will."

"It is she! I am sure of it at last!" said Andre aside.

"It is because I experienced doubts of her willingness, and expressed them to him, that the Count informed me that I should receive further directions from Ann of Austria, who, you must know, was the founder of our Convent. I waited for these instructions for two days, and at last, seeing that they did not come, I, accompanied by Sister Touriere, went to the Louvre. If I have to regret my fruitless errand, it is only because of the trouble I have occasioned; and I can only thank Heaven for having sent to my aid a cavalier so gallant and so accomplished in arms as you."

Andre bowed in acknowledgment.

"As for me," said Andre, "I esteem myself doubly happy in this meeting; first, because I have been enabled to save you from a serious trouble, and again because I can give you some definite information in regard to the young lady of whom you have spoken."

"Speak, then," said the Superior eagerly.

"They have deceived the young lady, and I am sure that the Count, her brother, is an accomplice in the deception, if not the author of the falsehood that oppresses her."

"What say you, monsieur?"

"The truth, Sister. Mlle. Irene was to have been married a long time ago to the Baron Robert De Jouy, to whom she was affianced by her father, and, after her father's death, by her uncle. Now, on the very day that Mlle. Irene was conducted to Val de Grace, her lover was murderously attacked by the Count and four assassins in his employ"

"Are you sure of this?"

"I could not be more certain of it than I am. The combat took place before my very eyes."

"And the Baron De Jouy was killed?" exclaimed the Superior in a tone of horror.

"No; but he was left for dead on the spot where he fell, and would have died had it not been for me. They have made the lady believe, however, that he is really dead, since she herself saw him fall."

"What! She was present at the scene of carnage?"

"Alas! yes, Sister; and, if she has entered the convent with some show of willingness, it is because she has been persuaded that her betrothed is dead. It seems to me a cruelty that she should be left longer in error in this regard. You say that she weeps and manifests other signs of deep sorrow. She weeps and mourns for him—I am sure of it. Now, then, if the service I have done you to-night has the value in your eyes that you have represented, I have only a slight favor to ask in return. It is that you tell the young lady the truth as I have told it to you, and that you tell it to the Queen herself, for fear that she may receive an incomplete story in regard to the lady from interested parties."

"I promise you I shall do so, monsieur," said the Superior warmly, and with much indignation in her tone; "but now, in my turn, permit me to ask you a few questions."

Andre bowed gracefully and said:

"I will answer all you may ask."

"You are acquainted with the family of De Laumirail?" asked the nun.

"Not at all, Sister."

"Then how are you so well informed in regard to their secrets?"

"I have obtained all the information I have given you from the Baron De Jouy."

"And you have no feeling of enmity against the Count?"

"I have so little enmity against him that only three hours ago I prevented a mob that had attacked him from throwing him into the Seine."

"What say you?"

"The truth, Sister—nothing but the truth." And Andre briefly related the details of the episode to which he had alluded.

"But who are you, then?" asked the Superior, manifesting unbounded astonishment.

"You may see by my uniform that I am an officer in the service of the Duchess de Longueville."

"I congratulate the Duchess," said the Superior, "and for you, young gentleman, may Heaven reward you according to your merits," added she, clasping her hands devoutly.

By this time they arrived at the gateway of the convent. The nuns paused before they sounded their summons with the heavy knocker.

"Now, young sir," said the Superior, "it only remains for us to thank you ——"

"And to ask your name," said the second Sister, "that we may remember it in our prayers."

"They call me simply Andre, at your service, ladies," said he, saluting them respectfully. And then to the Superior: "I shall rely on the promise you have made me."

"Rest assured I shall keep my word. Go in peace, brother."

On these words Andre departed.

CHAPTER XIV.
A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE BARON.

What an eventful day it had been! He was in a fever of anxiety to relate all to Robert, and to reveal to him the great discovery he had made. But it was now very late. It was nearly eight hours since he had left the house of the Duchess. Perhaps she had had need of him, and his absence had been remarked. He had been very careless of his duty to her for the first day he had been in her service. He would return.

Madame De Longueville had, indeed, sent for him several times, and had left orders that the moment the new officer returned he should be sent to her. Andre, in obedience to this command, reported himself in the apartments of the Duchess.

"Ah! It is you, monsieur," said she when her eyes fell on him. "It is fortunate I had no need of your services to-day, for if I had ——"

"I beg you will pardon me, madame," interrupted Andre, "for I have a friend who is lying dangerously ill; and, besides, I thought I owed my thanks to Jerome and his sister for their generous friendliness towards me in my trouble last evening. After I had discharged my duty in those two matters, I was returning here, when I found myself obliged to defend two unfortunate nuns who ——"

"What!" exclaimed the Duchess. "Have you been out in search of adventures?"

"No, madame," answered Andre. "It was not I who sought the adventures—it was the adventures that sought me." And thereupon he detailed to the Duchess the strange rencontre he had had with the soldiers.

"So," said she, "you were bold enough to draw your sword against four soldiers?"

"Yes, madame."

"And wounded three of them?"

"Indeed I did; and I assure you I am quite as much astonished at it as you are."

The Duchess did not speak in reply, but remained for some time buried in deep thought. Beyond a doubt, she found it difficult to believe that so young and effeminate a man in appearance had accomplished the valiant deeds he had credited himself with.

"It is well, monsieur," said she at last. "You may retire, and seek the repose you must need after such adventures."

And she left the apartment, walking slowly and evidently preoccupied by weighty thought. A moment she paused when she reached the door that led into her private apartments, to cast a furtive, admiring glance at the officer. He was standing in the middle of the apartment, with his right knee slightly bent, his two hands holding his hat on his breast, and his general attitude one of grace and deference to the lady. The Duchess paused but a moment, then the heavy door, banging to behind her, drowned the faint sigh that struggled from her bosom. Andre also went to his apartment in deep thought. He, too, was a dreamer in his way.

As we have noticed in his recital of his adventures to the Duchess, he had not boasted of having saved the Cardinal's life. He had been wise in that respect. But, young and inexperienced, as he undoubtedly was, he was not entirely ignorant of the eloquence of a woman's glance.

Now, he had detected the furtive glance which the Duchess had cast on him, and her deep thought and repressed emotion had not escaped him. What had caused these marvels? Had she really any idea of casting a favorable eye on him, whom she had drawn out of obscurity? The possibility of such a thing was too flattering not to touch the self-esteem of an inexperienced youngster of his age. He dared not admit it, even to himself, but ——

He slept amid golden dreams, inspired by the thoughts awakened by the strange conduct of the Duchess.

He was up at an early hour the next morning, and hastened without delay to the hotel where he had left Robert. He was about to run up the staircase, as usual, when he was stopped by Master Lecol.

"Are you in search of the gentleman you brought here?" asked he.

"Of course I am. Who else should I seek here?" said Andre.

"You need go no farther, then, for it is useless," said the landlord; "the gentleman is no longer here."

"What! No longer here?" said Andre in great astonishment.

"He left last evening at eight o'clock."

"Where has he gone?"

"I don't know."

"But why has he gone?"

"Probably because he feared someone would discover his place of concealment."

"Your servants have been talking about his presence here, then?"

"No; they've had no chance to."

"Then you have told some of your friends?"

"What do you take me for?" said Master Lecol.

"Then explain this mystery," said Andre impatiently.

"But you don't give me time," said the innkeeper. "Sit down here quietly and help me finish this bottle of wine—for I can't talk when my throat is dry—and I will tell you all about it."

Andre sat at the table, and the innkeeper, taking a long draught of the wine and smacking his lips, continued:

"I was the cause of the young man leaving, myself."

"You? How was that?"

"Last evening," began the landlord, "two suspicious-looking persons came in just after you had gone, and, seating themselves at this table, invited me to drink with them. I had no excuse to refuse; so I accepted, and we each had our bottle of wine. Everything was jolly, only at last I found it was jollier for me than it was for the two strangers; for they were continually filling up my glass and not emptying theirs. When I saw this, I was on my guard. Luckily, thanks to the training I have undergone in my business, I can carry a good deal of sail, as the sailors say. I pretended ignorance of their little game, and feigned to be slightly under the influence of what I drank."

"Bravo!" said Andre. "Go on."

"When they thought they had me in the proper condition to tell all I knew, they began to question me, and incidentally remarked that I had taken in a wounded stranger not long back. 'No,' said I, playing utter astonishment, 'it is no such thing. I never entertain any guests but farmers and grain-merchants. My inn is well known, and no gentlemen ever come here for my poor entertainment.' 'But,' said one of the strangers, 'we have examined the streets hereabout very carefully, and have found tracks of blood that have led us to your door.' 'Have you, indeed?' cried I, pretending great surprise. 'He must, therefore, be either here or in one of the neighboring houses,' said the shrewd fellow. 'That may be,' said I, 'but he is not here.' They eyed me keenly, but I was mailed in brass. 'Shall I make inquiries for you?' asked I. 'Yes,' said they; 'the gentleman is one of our best friends. We fear some misfortune has befallen him. His family is alarmed, and his relatives have sent us to learn something of his whereabouts and his fate.' 'Oh, I can do that for you,' said I. 'I know all the neighbors, and I shall question them for you to-morrow.' Thanking me for the interest I took in the case, they arose, and were about leaving when I stopped them. 'Here,' said I—'what are you going to give me in case I find the gentleman for you?' 'You may count on two pistoles,' said one of the men, 'on condition that you find us the bird in its nest.' 'Agreed,' said I, and they left, promising to return the next day. After what you had told me of this secret, which you paid me roundly to keep, I thought the wounded gentleman would be glad to know what had passed between me and the two strangers, so I went up and told him all. 'Ah! if I were only well,' cried he, when he had heard what I have told you. Then, after thinking a while, he said: 'At any cost I must get out of this. But how am I to do it? I cannot stand even.' 'What matters that, monsieur?' said I; 'There is a way for you.' 'What way?' said he. 'Twenty times a day,' said I, 'carts loaded with hay or straw pass in and out of the yard. Now, what is to prevent ——' 'You are right,' said he. 'Can you procure me a conveyance?' 'Yes,' said I, 'if you don't object to the straw.' 'And one that will convey me to any place I may name?' asked the poor gentleman. 'To be sure,' said I; 'and to make certain of it, I will drive myself.' 'Be true to me, and I will not be ungrateful,' said he. Turning towards his old servant, who was present, 'Jacques,' said he, 'go quickly and find me new lodgings. Pay in advance whatever they require, and return at once.' The servant went out, and then, turning once more to me, the gentleman said: 'Prepare the cart—harness your horses—do not lose a minute;' and, with these words, he put in my hand five bright, new double-pistoles. I refused them at first, but he insisted so earnestly that I feared the effort might injure his health—you must always humor a sick person, you know—so I finally accepted them. I went out and made a round of the neighboring streets, to make sure that there were no spies watching me, and then returned tranquilly and set about my work. I had evidently inspired the two rogues with confidence in my fidelity to their interests, for the streets were deserted, and they were nowhere to be seen. An hour after, old Jacques returned. He had found and engaged the apartments his master desired. I helped him bring the wounded gentleman downstairs. We propped him up comfortably in the straw with which one of my carts was laden; then, covering him over lightly, I mounted the load and took the reins, and we started off. In half an hour the gentleman was comfortably tucked in bed in his new lodgings."

"Then you know where he has taken refuge?" asked Andre when the landlord had finished his long story.

"Of course I do."

"And you will tell me where it is?"

"Not at all," said Master Lecol indignantly. "Do you think I would steal the money the gentleman gave me? No; I wish to earn it; so you, nor no one else, will learn anything from me on that subject."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WIDOW AND THE BOUQUET.—A pretty widow, whose husband has been dead several years, received a beautiful boquet the other day. The man that sent it had been flying around her with an earnestness worthy of a drygoods clerk, and it was with extra delight he saw her pass his store that evening with the bouquet of flowers in hand. "Am so pleased to see you with them," said he, and a thousand little Cupids dimpled in his smile. "Yes," she replied; "it was very kind in you; I always knew you liked him; I am taking them to his grave."—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

FANNY KEMBLE says of that charming actress and eccentric woman Miss Brunton, afterwards Countess of Craven, that she had a prosaical dislike to her business, which used to take the peculiar and rather alarming turn of her suddenly saying aside to her fellow-actors in the midst of a scene: "What nonsense all this is! Suppose we don't go on with it?" This singular expostulation Mrs. Kemble said she always expected to see followed up by the sudden exit of her lively companions in the middle of her part.

THE tongue makes deeper wounds than the teeth.

MEMORY'S BELLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Beautiful bells, beautiful bells,
O peal ye out! joyous and clear,
As I wait in my white bridal-robe
For my lover, now hastening here.

Beautiful bells, beautiful bells,
Speak of a future dear to my heart.
Am I not his? Is he not mine,
My darling, until death shall us part?

Beautiful bells! the snow falls fast,
Far across yon valley and hill,
And fierce calls the wind over the moor
In a voice that is loud and shrill.

List to the bells, list to the bells!
How mournful their tones as I weep,
Sitting alone, in my widow's robe,
Made for him now lying asleep.

O tolling bells! O tolling bells!
The snow fell fast, he could not wake,
Nor did he dream in his quiet rest
Of the sad heart breaking for his sake.

BIG BROTHERS OF BALLINASLOE.

A LEGEND OF "THE TALL REGIMENT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

Did ye iver see the Irish Giant? Ye niver did? Sure they kape his skiliton in the Dublin Museum of Surgery till this day, they tell me. O'Brian was his name. Well, maybe that is what they called him in the shows. I am not the man to deny it; but I knew the Big Brothers of Ballinasloe, and me father knew their fathers and uncles afore me, and there niver was sich giants in Scriptur, nor yet even in Kentucky, whativer the boys say that come back from Ameriky with the fine false tales intirely. Big chaps, was they? They were. You have read of the great Fritz—which that is the German for Frederick, by the way—that was King of Prooshey? And he had a smashing regiment of his own that they named the Giant Grennydears, his pride of all the army. The whole worruld was scoured and scraped to find recroots—not a drummer-b'y to the corps that wasn't six feet high and able to eat a joint of beef wid pitaties to kape it countingnance at a sitting, whilst the rank and file would have felt disgraced if one of them stooped so as to be less than a good seven fut tall. You may be sure that the King's spies paid pertickler attention to our country, where buttermilk and pork makes a man alonggait in his shoes. So they snapped up at Ballinasloe Frank Doyne, the oldest of the big brothers that was unmarried. Small blame to them, for he had not been the matther of half a year in Prooshey afore he was cock o' the walk, I can tell ye. He was the admiration of the company and the talk of the town! No less.

"Indade and indade," he thought to himself, "this is the happiest life a-going!" An' with that he got the chaplain to write a letther to his young brother Denny to come out and join him, all expinses paid and the first of good living along the road.

Well, Dennis was a strapping fellow, too, though he was known in a way of speaking as the Baby of the Big Family. A little under the size of Frank, true, but it would be a mistaken bull that would run at him wid any notion that he would toss him far towards the moon. All the sogers liked him at sight, and why not? and was so fond of taching him and helpin' him on that he was soon a complete trooper, and quite the second volume of his brother.

But some cratures is mighty envious, do you know? and this very kindness of the corps set the cruel heart agen him. He was hated like a snake by Major Drummelkopf, a spiteful, hard, brutal man that not even the dog that he fed could like, and all these attentions to the raw recruit wounded him deep. There's nothing asier than for a s'perior officer to get a poor private put in the guard-room. Poor Denny spint the best part of his time in there, poor b'y! This wint on till the whole regiment couldn't stand it, and tuk an oath to save him and spite the ould Major av they could. But for a long while this was no go, and the b'y was bein' murthered.

The regiment of the Tall Grennydears was in camp in Upper Silesia—that's the place, sir, for I've had it p'inted out to me on the map. They was regularly inspected every morning, as if they was to go take dinner wid a king. Punctiously at eleven, the black ould Major, cane in fist, would trot up and down the lines, before, behind and betwixt, stopping afore each man, and quizzing him as if his eyes was magnifying glasses.

And ivery mortal day as was, he would pace up behind poor Dennis Doyne, who shuk like jelly wid his expectancy while the Major would go over him, and at last lay his finger on him and cry out:

"By the powders of Mars, here's a dirty spot agin!"

The sergeant knew very well what that shout meant, and slap down would go Denny's name in the black-book, and down he would go, poor b'y, in the black cell, to wondher where the mischief he got the speck on him.

Well, one of thim days, Frank twisted the p'int of his bayonet and wint to the smith to have it put straight. And while he was looking out of the windy on the parade-ground—by the same token, the battalion was being inspected—he gave a big start! He spied the ould Major stoop behind Dennis, rise and ——

"Whoo!" yells he, "Smith dear, have you niver a loaded pistle here under your hand?" says he, as pale as a lily on the lake. But thin he remembered himself, and wint away widout any more words. What had he seen? He had seen the black-hearted ould Major rub his finger end on his shoes, sir, and touch poor Dennis' coat wid the dirthy tip, and make the very spot that he purtinded to p'int out.

Frank went to the black-hole and tould his brother all about it.

"But don't ye forgit yesilf," said he; "shut up the biling bubbles of your anger in your buzzim, whilst I go talk with the comrades. The Colonel shall hear of this, and we'll pay out the Major."

Frank was unfolding the tale to the men over the dinner, whin they heerd a scuffle in the yard. And in came some fusileers wid tears in their eyes, all to tell Frank that his brother was in the lock-up agen, and this time in irons. Unfortunately, he had run agenst the Major on his release, and, bedad, he had trounced him badly, so that the ould b'y was carried to his bed in his quarters.

Faith, there was no playing at sogers in the service them days; they was quick to thry and condemn Dennis to be shot, and by his own company to boot.

"Is it me to shoot at me own brother?" asked Frank of the Major.

And the answer was, "Military law never takes exceptions," said he, "and you're a free man," he adds when he heard him say: "I'd rather blow out me brains!" So he saluted the brute, and wheeled round and joined his company as if he was Cain about to kill Abel with the greatest divarsion in the world.

When the drums beat the tattoo the next morning, tears rowled on them as well as the sticks. One would have believed it was the death-signal to the whole rigiment, drawn up under arms to receive the prisoner.

Denny marched out of the cell, pale, but straight as a ramrod, escorted by the provost-marshal and his guard wid their guns butt-up, and the loosened drums rowling woefully.

On the hillside, a little way off from the camp, there was dug a pit at the foot of a wall. Two or three of the townpeople had heard of the news, and were come there to look on, and a young girl sat a-horseback in their midst. There was a mutthering at this, for most of the sogers knew that the little Lisa had once boxed the ears of the Major, gruff and terrible though he was, for taking a bunch of flowers widout offering the pay; and that Dennis was her favorite over all the world of young men. But she had no tears naythur, which struck some as strange.

Well, there was no delayin' it. Dennis knelt down by the gaping hole, and the Marshal bandaged his eyes, saying "Keep up your heart, man!" in a low voice so that the Major cu'd not hear him. But the ould scoundrel was quite easy, and turned to the firing platoon, and waved his stick as he stood on one side of thim. The drums rowled and stopped as he lowered his cane.

"Grennydears," said he, "carry arrums."

The muskets rattled all together like the clash of cymbals. He gave one rapid glance down the line, and tould them to make ready and take aim.

All the guns, like a great piece of machinery moved by one spring, were leveled at the Major. But he was so carried away by the strength of habit, d'ye see, that he called out "Fire!" all the same, and, by the powers! they did fire, and threw him, riddled like a sieve, to the ground.

"Whooray!" cried the girl on horseback, a-galloping up. In the meantime Frank had torn off the scarf from his brother's eyes, and given him a kiss ye could hear half a mile and a bit, and set him up on the horse behind the girl.

"Hould on, and don't pinch her," says he, all of a glow with delight, and shoved the horse half down the hill. So they rode away into the Austrian camp, where General Lentulus received them with pleasure.

The others wasn't idle, but they threw the Major's corpse in the pit, and sent word by a townsman to their Colonel that they would go over to the Emperor boot and baggage unless fair play was done them. Now, in time of war, no king could afford to lose a regiment that was equal to any five on the earth; so the Colonel pardoned every man Jack o' them, and all marched back. But Frank Doyne was not satisfied that his brother should be a wanderer wid his young wife—for he married the true and tinder German girl, I must tell you—or fighting under the enemy's colors. So he went to the Captain for Dennis' pardon, but he refused him, and so did the Colonel.

"Good-bye," says he, then. "I'll go talk to the King about it," he says, and marched away wid his kit in a bundle at the end of his sword.

The King was at his headquarters, they told him; but he lost his way, and a gathering storm overtook him at night in the woods. He spied a light in a cottage, and went up to it. An ould man and his wife opened the door, and gave him a kindly welcome. They were at supper, whin there came another traveler to the door. A respectable person this, in a sort of hunting-coat, who agreed to share the bed offered to Frank Doyne, becase he had been in the army himself once on a time, he said.

Well, Frank sat up and tould such droll stories, that the ould couple chuckled to split.

"Sure, niver was I so happy since our girl Lisa left us to go sell flowers in Silesia!"

"What's that you say?" cried the Irishman, leaping up. "Have you a daughter named Lisa? Then we are all of a family, as the snake said when he found himself put by Saint Patrick into a box wid the toads, to be dropped in the say."

And he tould them all about Dennis.

"And so I am going to ax the King to pardon him," said he at the finish.

"And if His Majesty refuses," axed the strange gentleman.

Frank held up his head and let his fist fall on the table powerful, and says wid a powerful pride:

"Then the Big Brothers of Ballinasloe will pull the roof off the House of Brandyburg (Brandenberg)," he cries.

Well, they drank the King's health, and the two guests went to bed. That afternoon coming, Frank arrived at the royal quarters, and was shown into the King's presence, just as if he had sent word he was coming—and, for the matter of that, he knew in a moment that the man on the throne, wid a crown and a sceptre in his fist, was the stranger in the cottage over night. So he marched up, saluted accordin' to reggylation, and tould his story.

Wid a solemn tone that made the courtiers shake in their buckled shoes, the King axed him:

"What if I refuse?"

But Frank wasn't abashed, not he, but he says:

"Do the great Powers have to repeat their declarations of war?"

Wid that Ould Fritz laughed, and give him his hand, and the tiptop of good feeling and the pardon of his brother.

And whin Dennis came, and his bride by his side, he appointed her flowerist-in-chief to the royal court, and a very pretty penny she made at it. And more of the Big Brothers went away to forrin parts, and succeeded finely, but the time don't allow of me telling ye about their adventures, and how they married wid princesses, no less.

BU'STED;

OR,

ONE CASE BETWEEN THREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JEAN TREKOR.

We had been traveling with the celebrated —— Minstrels, and had had a very queer season, "the ghost" having failed to walk for months, while we had played oftener to full houses of benches than to people. We finally were compelled to close. Part of the company went to O—— with the "old man" and her "royal highness." The wind-jammers and catgut-scrapers left for home, and finally there was Barney O'Flynn (comedian), Den Nilmah ("Props"), and myself ("interlocutor"), all that were left of the once famous —— Minstrels. We had often spoken of the final catastrophe sure to befall our solid (?) show, and were not greatly surprised when the crisis arrived; and then we spoke of starting out for ourselves. So when the "main guy" stepped up and handed us one "case," and said: "Boys, that is all I can do for you," we concluded at once to walk to A—— (a distance of thirty-eight miles), where we were sure we could get some little assistance and start out with our own little "snap." It was a little hard, you must admit, dear reader. Bu'sted, and only one dollar between three. But then says Barney:

"Boys, cheer up. There's better days in store for poor ould Galway. We'll start and see what can be done in A——."

So we grasped hands and formed a triple alliance, to fight and die for one another. We started—eventful moment! We had taken a little lunch with us in our hat-boxes, and had a box of sardines, which had been obtained in better times and stored for the worse, as at present. We also had a razor, blacking-brush and clean shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, etc., so as to look half-way respectable upon entering A——.

We walked all day, and passed through W—— at 9.30 P. M. (meantime having finished all of our grub), where it was finally concluded to encamp for the night, although we might have pushed on to A—— that evening, which was then only six miles distant. But we concluded to eat (?), rest and sleep here, and resume in the morning. We selected a beautiful spot a little off the road, where there was a fine tree, under which we nestled. Den was then sent to the neighboring farmhouse to try and obtain some bread and butter. Here quite a joke was perpetrated at our expense, although the lady (God bless her!) of course meant no harm. When Den offered to pay for the said articles she said:

"Oh, no; never mind; I wouldn't take anything from poor tramps."

This created quite a laugh in camp.

Barney built the fire, and I went into the fields for corn (which was ripe) and new potatoes, which we roasted, and we had quite a nice meal. We then bunked in and slept quite comfortably until about four o'clock A. M., when we were aroused by a group of cattle which had surrounded us and our little camp, and were, of course, greatly astonished to find us occupying their favorite spot. We bade them good-morning forthwith, and started once more on our tramp, feeling jolly enough, under the circumstances. We were by this time looking very hard, having walked so much the day before on the dusty road; so, naturally, we began looking for a brook, where we could cleanse and shave ourselves—in fact, make ourselves look somewhat respectable prior to our appearing in A——. We finally found a brook after having walked about two miles, and forthwith commenced operations by shaving one another, changing our clothes, etc.; and by the time we had finished we presented quite a respectable appearance, and started again en route for A——, which we intended to make in a couple of hours, as we did not want to overheat ourselves or otherwise "muss" our "boiled rags."

We finally arrived at A——, and proceeded at once to our friend's place of business, which was on Federal street. We were heartily welcomed, and then there followed a volume of questions and answers, which in all told the one story: "Bu'sted, with only one case between three;" for it was still so—our pile had not diminished as yet. We next rented a room on Fire street, and had our trunks (which had been sent in advance of us) taken to our rooms, and started out to partake of some dinner, which cost sixty cents (forty cents left between three of us). We then paid our respects to several friends around town, and by that time an appetite for supper was felt. We spent twenty cents, and had twenty cents left for three, and the next day ten cents were judiciously spent for breakfast (ten cents left for three). The dollar was fast diminishing. Dinner was bought for ten cents, consisting of biscuits and water (no cents left for three of us).

Something had to be done. Three of the most talented young men must be preserved for the nation's good.

"What will we do? Ah, an idea strikes me!" cries Barney. "Let's get up a benefit for the poor."

"What poor?"

"Why, us poor ones."

"Good enough! Capital idea, Rox."

So we went to work in getting up the benefit for the poor (of the —— Minstrels.) The hall our friend (who is manager of it) kindly allowed us to use free of charge. So far, so good. Our bills and tickets we had printed at Renton Bennold's, and he said, if we made enough to pay for them, all well and good. Everything was prepared for the benefit. Several amateurs kindly volunteered to assist, and the grand affair came off. The performance was tip-top; but, horrors! pecuniarily speaking, it was not a success. Nett proceeds, $28.50. Out of this were to come room-rent, boarding, printer's bill, etc.; and when we came to count up the following morning, we found there were only $8 (our star is ascending—$8 between three of us) left, and they were out among friends who had kindly volunteered to sell tickets previously to the night of the benefit. Next order of the day was to collect all the money coming to the firm, and all started on that errand. Barney and myself returned about the same time to headquarters, and produced $2 between us. Den was then expected, but failed to arrive, as the scoundrel had in the meantime (the first *time* he had proved *mean* to us) collected the remaining six "cases," and had gone to our rooms and robbed us of our most necessary articles, such as my razor, blacking-brush and neckties, and Barney's extra coat, vest, hat-box, and shirt. Here was treason in our camp. To S—— he had skerried, so we had been informed—this base deserter to the flag of Triple Destitutes.

Well now it was two chucks between two. So much the better. He was only as deadwood on our hands, anyway, so we (Barney and I) formed a new partnership. Two "cases" between two of us, and all is well. Things went on satisfactorily, the two "cases" hung out pretty well, and, with the assistance of several free-lunch establishments, we managed to subsist, in the meantime having made arrangements for another performance in Seca Falls, which proved a greater success than the one in A——, about eighty "cases" being cleared. Here was luck—eighty dollars between two of us. But still more luck was awaiting us in A——; for, upon our return there, we found that letters had arrived during our absence requesting us to immediately join a good, solid "snap" for the season, and which was to start out in a week. We, of course, accepted, and started for N——, where we were expected to meet the company. Bidding good-bye to our genial friends in A——, we started off rejoicing, but will always think with pleasure of the time we were "BU'STED, AND LEFT WITH ONE CASE BETWEEN THREE OF US."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

H. W. W., Hudson.—It is a very difficult matter to get on the stage. Managers have so time to spare to listen to the appeals of novices, and, therefore, it is next to impossible for a stranger to obtain an interview with a manager for the purpose of soliciting an engagement. Managing a theatre is quite as much of a business as keeping a whole sale drygoods store, and it had to be conducted to a certain extent upon commercial principles. To get into commercial business you have to accept of a minor position at the nominal salary of $50 or $100 a year, and learn the business. As you progress, your salary is advanced. Precisely such is the custom in a theatre. You are expected to play the smallest parts; often to go on the stage without having a word to speak, to do some particular business; and when you evince the possession of absolute talent you would then be intrusted with more important parts, and in that manner you would gradually rise in the profession. In no other way can a sure foundation be laid for future success. If you cannot get an engagement to play small business, go as a supernumerary. That plan will secure you access to the stage, and you will get familiar with facing an audience, and, by watching the various performers around you, you can learn much. If you adopt this plan, it is not necessary to use the manager at all. You can make an engagement with the captain of the supernumeraries—and you can always find him by asking for him at the stage-door of the theatre at night. If, after some few weeks' experience in the way you then speak to the manager, you will find that he will listen to you courteously, and possibly give you a chance in a speaking part. The reason of his change of manner is, that he sees you are in earnest, and that you have started in a proper way to learn the business. The above applies to regularly established theatres. There is another and possibly a more expeditious way. Get an engagement with a traveling company to play anything and everything. As the people are fewer in number, your opportunities for advancement are correspondingly increased. You will make the acquaintance of professional people who will speak of you hereafter, and if you have talent it will be speedily developed. Preliminary study for the stage is of very little or no value, as you are apt to become a mere imitator of your instructor, and naturally copy faults as well as merits. Still, there are many things you might study which would be found of great value in your future career, such as dancing, which will teach you to walk gracefully; the general principles of elocution (but not from a professor of elocution); and though the small-sword and broad-sword exercises, which will inculcate grace of pose and gesture.

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L. L., San Francisco.—1. Leon was born in this city. 2. He never sang in the choir of Trinity Church, but did so when a boy in the choir of St. Stephen's Church (Roman Catholic) in the city. Ricardo is said to have sung in the choir of St George's Church, this city. 2 Either apply personally to a manager or write to him for an engagement.

JUDELL, Brooklyn.—1. Send letter to us and we will forward it. 2. The pay of a first-lieutenant (mounted) in the U. S. Army, in active service, prior to five years' service, is $1,500 per year; after 5, $1,500. The pay is increased ten per cent. at the end of each term of five years' service up to twenty.

L. L., San Francisco.—1. Johnny Thompson, who acts in "On Hand," etc., was for a long time on the minstrel and variety stage, but he was not in California as a minstrel so long ago as 1865. 2. We stood squarely upon the letter to Sam Martin, one-legged song-and-dance man, in care of this office.

B., Montreal.—"Girofle-Girofla" was first produced in Philadelphia, Pa., March 22, 1875, Mlle. Geoffroy personating the title role, supported by a French company, at the Walnut street Theatre. It was given for the first time in England at that city at Wood's Museum, Sept. 13, 1875, by the Holman Troupe.

A. G., Fort Wayne.—1. The matter was fully explained in our answers to Correspondents (headed "The Next President") in issue of Oct. 28, a copy of which can be had before; and, so long as our President shall continue to take his seat every four years, it must occur once in every twenty-eight years.

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the Court was adjourned until 9 A. M. on Nov. 2. Upon reassembling, the counsel for the prisoners addressed the jury, each occupying half an hour. John H. Fort, James M. Scovel and Joseph F. K. Hewitt spoke for Weeden, Goodwin and Collyer, the line of argument pursued being that indicated in Col. Scovel's speech at the opening of the defense. It was held that Walker died from exposure and neglect after the fight, and not from the beating, and that there had been no intention on the part of Weeden to injure his opponent maliciously. The only crime that had been committed was an honest, stand-up prize-fight. To make a case of murder the act and the intention must go together. There must be malice. "Malice is extreme enmity of heart, a malevolence, unprovoked malignity or spite," according to Webster's dictionary. The evidence would show that the fight was sought from the other side. The idea of murder in the second degree was dismissed as unworthy of thought. Even as to manslaughter, the evidence did not show that the blows given by Weeden caused death. If it was manslaughter at all, it must be involuntary manslaughter.

Col. Valentine followed for Clark, who, he said, was at the fight simply as a spectator, as were hundreds of others, including a number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia. While Clark left the ground when ordered by the Sheriff to do so, citizens of Salem County and city who were there did not heed the command of that official. These were men who got up early, saw the first stake driven, and witnessed the battle from first to la t, and must have been known to the Sheriff or some of his assistants, but none of them had been arrested or charged with any crime, while his client, who left the ground when ordered by the proper authority to do so, was being tried for murder. He also spoke about the probability of the District-attorney having another indictment against him should the jury acquit Clark.

Harry L. Hope followed for Neary. He spoke of Neary's own admission on the stand of being at the fight. The testimony of two witnesses fixed him in the ring, while competent witnesses swore that there were only six men in the ring, and they had been proven to be other parties than Neery, and he asked for Neary's acquittal under the indictment.

District-attorney Slope then, in a speech of but fifteen minutes' duration, urged upon the jury a conviction of the prisoners without exception, as, all having been present at the fight, all were equally guilty. He asked for a verdict of murder in the second degree against Weeden, Collyer and Goodwin, and one of manslaughter against the others.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

At noon the Judge began the delivery of his charge, which was substantially as follows:

The questions before the jury were—first, did death legally result from the injury in the ring, or injury by exposure and the disease of the heart, which the physician had testified to? If Walker died from the injuries, it does not matter that he did not die on the ground. The second question was as to the relative guilt of the prisoners. Weeden was not guilty of murder in the first degree. It was either murder in the second degree or manslaughter. His guilt of murder in the second degree depended upon the kind and degree of injury intended by Weeden to be inflicted upon his adversary. The rule was that a person intending to inflict a grievous bodily injury, but not to kill actually, does kill, he is guilty of murder at common law, and, under the New Jersey statute, of murder in the second degree. Grievous injury means such hurt as will likely result in permanent and dangerous injury to health. There had been, the Judge said, very little previous opinion as to the degree of homicide resulting from a death in the manner of Walker's. Justice Bagley said in one case that where persons fight on fair terms and merely with fists, where life is not likely to be taken, or injury by striking between them are not likely to cause death, if death ensues, it is manslaughter. Justice Buller, in another case, said that "fighting up and down" was calculated to produce death, and the rise of the foot as a weapon was likely to produce death. If it had been so used in this case, it was murder, not manslaughter. These were questions for the jury to decide from the evidence. They must consider the circumstances of the combat, the manner in which it was conducted, the absence of the use of the feet, the intermission between the rounds, the previous physical training for the fight, and what effect this last had upon the dangers to life. On the other hand they must consider the object of the battle, which obviously was to reduce one of the party to such physical exhaustion as to render him unable to continue the battle. The jury must determine whether there was a purpose to do the deceased grievous bodily injury or injury that would result in death. If the evidence had convinced them that there was such a purpose, beyond reasonable doubt, their verdict must be murder in the second degree. If they had a reasonable doubt of this purpose to do grievous bodily harm, their verdict must be manslaughter. The Judge dismissed the question as to whether or not Walker consented to the fight by saying that it had nothing to do with the guilt of the prisoners. That also disposed of the question of malice. The legal definition of malice was a general wicked intent, not a specific design against the life of the particular individual. The responsibility for the deed was not limited to the person striking. All who were present aiding, abetting, and encouraging the combatants were guilty in the same degree as the combatants themselves. If the jury believed the evidence that Collyer was the second to Walker and that Goodwin aided Weeden in the same capacity, this aid and assistance fixed their responsibility in the same degree as the principals. As to the other two men, Neary and Clark, the evidence did not show that either Neary or Clark was inside the ring; but they were outside the ring in the crowd during the progress of the fight. According to the testimony, and this fact, with the evidence that they were there of their own accord, made them guilty of manslaughter. But the jury must remember that they must be convinced that these two were present aiding, consenting and assisting in the fight. A casual spectator who happened on the ground ought not to be considered guilty, as one who purchased a ticket or was designedly present would be, and such a person is considered by the law to be encouraging the fight. The only question before the jury as far as Clark and Neary were concerned was whether or not they were present with the intention of encouraging or sanctioning the fight. The doctrine has been announced by an English Judge that every person present at a fight in which death results is guilty of manslaughter. Judge Reed thought the doctrine was a little too broadly stated, however. If a man were present getting interested in the fight, he would come within the rule alluded to. If he went with the crowd or with some of the participants, or purchased a ticket or stood by cheering or betting, or remained to gratify his taste, he was considered by the law as aiding and encouraging the fight. But a spectator might be there casually or for the purpose of seeing who the participants were, or for the sake of justice. Such spectators ought not to be considered criminal. The Judge concluded by charging the jury to give the prisoners the benefit of every reasonable doubt.

The jury then retired, and, after an absence of more than three hours, returned with a verdict of manslaughter against all the prisoners. The mother of Weeden and Mrs. Clark were among those inside the court-room at the time, and their grief excited much sympathy. Considerable surprise was occasioned by the verdict, as it was believed that Clark and Neary would have been acquitted, it being understood that two of the jury favored their acquittal. It was rumored that they had only agreed to a general conviction upon the understanding that the jury would join in recommendation for the pardon of Clark and Neary after the lapse of a few months. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 3d their counsel applied to Judge Reed for a new trial, but the application was refused, though before sentence was passed he was heard in a plea for mitigation. He claimed that the verdict against Clark and Neary was not in accordance with the evidence, they being merely spectators, who had nothing to do with the fight, and had not remained upon the ground in defiance of the Sheriff's authority. The prisoners were then ordered to stand up, and the Judge sentenced Weeden, Collyer and Goodwin each to six years' imprisonment at hard labor, and Clark and Neary to two years at hard labor. The prisoners, looking very dejected, were then taken back to jail, to be removed therefrom to the State-prison at Trenton. The full penalty for manslaughter in New Jersey is, we believe, ten years' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand dollars.

In an interview which a correspondent had with Clark after his return to his cell, Johnny is represented as saying: "I am worried about my sentence the most because my father, mother and sister have just arrived from the old country, and, with my wife and two children, are dependent upon me for support. If they had only fined me it wouldn't have been so bad, for I could soon make that up. I could get a $600 situation as bouncer in Philadelphia at any time. When I came to this country I made up my mind I wouldn't fight anybody, and I haven't. The last benefit I had was at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, and thirty-two men paid $50 for seats on the stage, and eight of those thirty-two men represented over $4,000,000, and two were at this fight. One witness testified that he recognized me by my good clothes. Why, there's the suit I wore," and Clark held up a rusty-brown suit. "It's the poorest suit I have. There were lots of the best-dressed men in Philadelphia there—men in high position and representing wealth. I think these chaps might have helped us out here. They were equally guilty with us, and they wouldn't have missed a trifle apiece. I know them all, but all the prison-doors in the country wouldn't make me tell who they are. They ought to help us. It isn't more than right. When I heard the verdict I was paralyzed; all my blood left me; I was thunderstruck. I couldn't realize the jury could bring in such a verdict. The sentence isn't very severe, I know, but it comes hard on me, seeing just how I'm situated."

BILLY KELLY had, owing partly to the election excitement and partly to his unwise selection of the date for the entertainment, a rather poor house on the occasion of his benefit, at Central Park Garden, Saturday, Nov. 4. Nor were many of the boxers named on the posters on hand to assist, as witness the following array: Jimmy Cole and Jack Stone, Bob Carman and John McGinnis, Tommy Burt and Young Farrell, McDermott, Keenan and O'Brien, Johnny Dwyer and friend. For this failure to lend a hand, Billy has a right to find fault with the boys, even though he hasn't done much in that line himself of late years. In the wind-up, Billy Edwards (like Johnny Dwyer, true to his word) faced Kelly, the pair making a set-to which was much relished by those looking on. Uncle Bill Tovee officiated as master.

OFF FOR THE ORANGE GROVES.—Johnny McCann, the skillful and well-liked young light-weight boxer of the Hub of the Universe, arrived in the metropolis last week, in company with H. Sigourney and J. Dubiois, also of Boston, where they are well known in sporting circles. The trio are en route for Florida, where they go for the benefit of their health.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Joe Goss.

AQUATIC.

BOYD'S VICTORY OVER SADLER.

The result, as received by cable, of the great sculling match on the Thames between R. W. Boyd and Joseph Sadler, for £200 a side, Oct. 7, has already been published, but the importance of the event warrants our giving full particulars, which we take from *The Sporting Life*: "Both men looked in the pink of condition, and on that score it was evident that no excuse could be made for defeat by either side. They took up their stations at stakeboats moored a little below the steamboat pier, and about a quarter past four, before the word 'Go!' could be given by the umpire—J. Ireland of the London R. C.—the race was started, the men getting off on very even terms. The first stroke gave Boyd the advantage, Sadler getting away with a little bit of flurry, which, however, had disappeared at the third stroke when he got fairly to his work at 39 to the minute, whilst Boyd was rowing 41 and 42. Opposite the London Boathouse the Tynesider led by a half boat's length. Then he seemed to relapse for a moment into his older and worse style; but this was soon got over, and, gaining confidence as he foot by foot drew away, he again began to reach well forward, and rowed with a straight back and good swing of the body. Sadler in the meantime was rowing in his accustomed fine style, but an effort he made when opposite the cricket field took him no farther forward, and Boyd, who seemed now to have fairly taken the measure of his man, kept on with a steadiness which we never before saw him display, carefully attending to the hints of his coach, George Drewitt, Sadler's interests in that direction being looked after by his trainer, F. Symms. Sadler, who had the Middlesex station, was now getting rather too close to the course of the other man, but quickly perceived his error, and dropped back into his own water. Half-way up the Willows Boyd drew clear, notwithstanding another spurt by Sadler, who tried a stroke or two more to the minute, with no apprecia-

ble effect, except for the worse, as it seemed to take something out of him, whilst Boyd, adopting a slower stroke than hitherto, was going in better form than ever. Before reaching Craven Point there was a clear length of daylight between the boats, and, rounding the Point, Boyd, in a few strokes added another length to his lead. Sadler was now laboring hard, and it was evident that there was no chance of a repetition of the incidents of the race of last year. It was Sadler, and not Boyd, who this time was beaten at the mile post—in fact, any lengthened description of the remainder of the race, such as it was, would be utterly superfluous. At every stroke, Boyd, who, like Sadler, went wide in making the shoot of the Surrey side, and had no little difficulty in threading his way amongst the crowd of skiffs which impeded the remainder of the course, was gaining upon the ex-champion, and he shot Hammersmith Bridge ten lengths ahead in 8min. 49sec. Going up the Eyot at Chiswick, Sadler's sculling was getting ragged, and had lost all life; and, opposite Chiswick Church, there could not have been less than 120 yards between the two boats, Boyd going on very leisurely, and keeping a good lookout to avoid accidents. It was now the Tynesider who was rowing the slower stroke—34 to the minute—as compared to the 37 of Sadler, whose exertions got little way on the beautiful craft J. H. Clasper of Oxford had built for him. Almost opposite the Bull's Head, at Barnes, Sadler was fouled by a pleasure-boat, and stopped a moment; but this had no bearing on the result, as Boyd plainly had the race in hand, and was able to row at his leisure. Barnes Bridge was reached by Boyd in 19min. 45sec.—Sadler being 22sec. behind—and the Tyne man, paddling home, eventually won by eight lengths, the time of the whole distance being 23min. 27sec. Sadler seemed much worse for his exertions, but Boyd was quite fresh at the finish, which was not to be wondered at, seeing how soon he got over all the hard work of the race."

BASEBALL.

THE FALL RIVER CLUB.

The record of the single figure games of the Fall River Club for 1876 is as follows:

May 2.	Fall River vs. Boston, at Fall River	2 to 6
May 8.	Fall River vs. Taunton Jr., at Fall River	8 5
May 8.	Fall River vs. Brown University, at Fall River	3 1
May 13.	Fall River vs. Live Oak, at Lynn	4 6
May 15.	Fall River vs. Taunton, at Fall River	2 6
May 25.	Fall River vs. Star, at Fall River	2 7
May 26.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Providence	0 5
May 27.	Fall River vs. Taunton, at Fall River	0 2
June 1.	Fall River vs. Taunton, at Taunton	2 3
June 3.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Fall River	8 4
June 6.	Fall River vs. Lowell, at Lowell	7 8
June 7.	Fall River vs. Live Oak, at Lynn	8 3
June 8.	Fall River vs. Howard, at Brockton	6 4
June 10.	Fall River vs. Harvard, at Fall River	5 6
June 12.	Fall River vs. Live Oak, at Fall River	3 2
June 16.	Fall River vs. Taunton, at Fall River	2 1
June 17.	Fall River vs. Live Oak, at Lynn	7 0
June 21.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Providence	3 7
June 24.	Fall River vs. Taunton, at Fall River	5 3
June 27.	Fall River vs. Ithaca, at Fall River	5 0
June 28.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Fall River	4 5
July 4.	Fall River vs. Charter Oak, at Fall River	5 0
July 5.	Fall River vs. Charter Oak, at Fall River	3 1
July 10.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Lynn	6 3
July 12.	Fall River vs. Lowell, at Lynn	1 8
July 14.	Fall River vs. Taunton, at Lynn	7 7
July 15.	Fall River vs. Live Oak, at Lynn	3 7
July 20.	Fall River vs. Lowell, at Fall River	7 1
July 26.	Fall River vs. Mutual, at Fall River	2 3
July 29.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Fall River	9 4
July 31.	Fall River vs. Harvard, Live Oak, at Lynn	9 0
Aug. 14.	Fall River vs. Boston, at Fall River	6 9
Aug. 15.	Fall River vs. Boston, at Boston	5 7
Aug. 16.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Providence	3 1
Aug. 19.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Fall River	5 5
Aug. 24.	Fall River vs. Lowell, at Fall River	3 2
Aug. 25.	Fall River vs. Lowell, at Fall River	7 4
Aug. 31.	Fall River vs. Hartford at Fall River	5 1
Sept. 4.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island at Providence	3 7
Sept. 7.	Fall River vs. Dexter at Fall River	4 0
Sept. 15.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island at Providence	5 7
Sept. 18.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island at Providence	2 7
Sept. 19.	Fall River vs. Lowell at Fall River	7 2
Sept. 21.	Fall River vs. Rhode Island at Fall River	2 1
Sept. 26.	Fall River vs. Lowell at Fitchburg	2 1
Sept. 28.	Fall River vs. Lowell at Lowell	4 5
Sept. 29.	Fall River vs. Lowell at Lowell	7 4
Sept. 30.	Fall River vs. Taunton at Fall River	8 5
Oct. 5.	Fall River vs. Auburn at Auburn	7 6
Oct. 6.	Fall River vs. Ithaca at Ithaca	1 2
Oct. 7.	Fall River vs. Cricket at Binghamton	7 1
Oct. 14.	Fall River vs. Boston at Boston	6 4
Oct. 20.	Fall River vs. Lowell at Lowell	3 0

The club played 83 games altogether, of which they won 49, lost 33 and drew one. The average of the nine in base hits for every hundred times at the bat—a good way of counting for a club playing a large number of games—is as follows: The record is given by each month's play.

Months.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	October	Total.
Crane	19¼	22	32½	38	42	17	29
Nichols					25	27	27
Connor	27	27½	35	24	17		26
Mutrie	24	27	38	31	20	20	25
Kelly		20	17	30½	26	16½	23½
Whitney				29	18·25	19½	23½
Canary	23	20	20	18·35		22	22½
McGunigle	19	18	11	22	17	22	21½
Libby	30½	12	19½	24	24	24½	21½
Butler	17	17¾	23	19	27	21	20
Remsen	25¾	27					22
Egan	18	11	22	31	27		22

NASSAU CLUB OF BROOKLYN.

The record of single-figure games played by the club above-named is as follows:

May 15.	Nassau vs. Field (10-in.), at Brooklyn	8 to 7
May 20.	Nassau vs. Winona, at Brooklyn	2 1
May 23.	Nassau vs. Frontier (11 in.), at Brooklyn	2 16
May 25.	Nassau vs. Lafayette of Easton	2 8
June 27.	Nassau vs. Athletic of East New York	2 9
July 4.	Nassau vs. Active of Wappinger Falls	9 7
Aug. 3.	Nassau vs. Unidered of New York	6 7
Aug. 8.	Nassau vs. Athletic of East New York	6 3
Aug. 9.	Nassau vs. Alaska of New York	2 9
Aug. 10.	Nassau vs. Hudson of Brooklyn	4 8
Aug. 16.	Nassau vs. Amity of Brooklyn	8 7
Sept. 12.	Nassau vs. Hudson of Brooklyn	6 2

The fielding and batting averages of players taking part in five games and over during the season are shown below:

Fielding.	P.	O.	A.	E.	Batting.	B. H.	Ave.
Denham, lb	12	9	93	42	Britt, p	11	18	1.63
Britt, p	11	1	00	1·9	Connolly, l. f	12	19	1.58
Gaipine, p	12	2	16	4·8	Palmer, s. s	10	15	1.50
Lounger, 2d b	6	8	3	5·3	Mace, 1. f.	10	15	1.50
Edler, r. f	18	2	3	3·7	Denham, lb	12	18	1.08
Connolly, l. f	12	1	7	6·3	Gaipine, p	12	13	1.08
Elmine, 3d b	12	3	2	3·2	Thompson, c	10	13	1.05
Bunce, l. f.	1b	12	5	2·5	8·8	Redmayne, 3b	18	19	1.05
Palmer, s. s	10	2	50	2·80	1.30	Lounger, s. s	6	5	.83
Thompson, c	10	6	30	1·80	2.40	Edler, l. f	18	15	.83

BOSTON vs. NEW ENGLAND NINE.

The Boston Club easily defeated a nine selected from different clubs in New England, at Boston, Mass., Oct. 31. Score:

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	N. Eng. Nine.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, a. s.	1	2	0	4	1	Crane, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Leonard, l. f.	1	1	2	3	0	Hawkes, 2d b.	0	1	2	7	3
O'Rourke, c. f.	0	2	3	0	2	Foley, r. f., p.	1	1	3	0	0
Murnan, 1st b.	3	2	9	0	0	Sullivan, c.	0	2	1	4	2
Manning, p., r. f.	3	2	1	2	0	McKinnon, 1. b.	2	3	17	0	1
Morrill, 3d b.	4	2	2	4	0	S. Wright, a. s.	0	1	1	4	1
Brown, c.	1	3	4	2	1	Woodhead, 3d b	0	0	1	2	1
Schafer, 2d b.	1	0	4	2	2	Tipper, l. f.	1	2	2	0	1
Bradley, p., r. f.	0	0	3	2	3	Butler, p., r. f.	0	0	1	2	4
Totals	14	15	27	19	11		6	12	27	19	14

Boston	0	1	1	2	1	4	3	0	2—14		
N. Eng. Nine	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	5	0—6		

Earned runs—Boston, 3. Two-base hits—G. Wright, Manning, McKinnon. Three-base hit—G. Wright. First base on errors—Boston, 5; New England Nine, 1. Passed balls—Sullivan, 2. Wild pitches—Bradley, 2; Butler, 2. Foley, 1. Wild throws—Brown, 4; Woodhead, 1. Double-play—S. Wright, Hawkes and McKinnon. Umpire, Mr. Borden of the Bostons. Time, 2h. 5m.

The same teams met again on the 1st inst., when the Picked Nine won a six-inning game, a rain-storm stopping play.

Eng. Nine.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	0	1	1	0	1	G. Wright, s. s.	2	1	0	0	0
Callahan, p.	0	0	0	1	0	Leonard, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Tierney, r. f.	2	1	1	0	1	O'Rourke, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Sullivan, c.	2	1	1	0	3	Murnan, 1st b.	0	1	7	1	1
McKinnon, 1b.	1	1	6	0	1	Manning, p., r. f.	1	1	1	1	0
S. Wright, s. s.	1	2	1	2	0	Morrill, 3d b.	0	1	2	3	1
Woodhead, 3d b.	0	1	2	1	0	Brown, c.	0	1	3	1	0
Tipper, l. f.	2	1	2	0	0	Schafer, 2d b.	1	0	2	4	2
Bradley, c. f., p.	1	1	1	1	0	Bradley, p., r. f.	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	9	9	18	10	7	Totals	7	9	18	12	11

New England Nine	0	2	6	1	0	0—9					
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0—7					

Earned runs—New England Nine, 4; Boston, 2. Two-base hits—Sullivan, Tipper, Foley and Brown. Struck out—Spence, Sullivan, McKinnon; Manning, Bradley and Leonard. First base on errors—New England Nine, 3; Boston, 3. Passed balls—Sullivan, 2. Wild throws—Crane, 1; Brown, 4. Double-play—Morrill and Murnan. Umpire, Mr. Borden of the Bostons. Time, 1h. 40m.

Another meeting was had on the 2d, in which the Reds triumphed, a sudden fog causing a cessation of play in the eighth inning.

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	N. Eng. Nine.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, 2d b.	0	2	2	3	1	Crane, 2d b.	1	1	1	2	3
Leonard, a. s.	0	2	2	1	0	Bradley, c. f.	1	1	1	1	3
O'Rourke, 1st b	0	0	7	0	0	Tierney, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Murnan, c. f.	1	1	1	0	2	Sullivan, c.	1	1	7	0	0
Manning, p.	0	1	1	0	2	McKinnon, 1b.	1	1	7	0	0
Morrill, 3d b.	1	1	1	0	2	S. Wright, a. s.	0	2	2	6	0
Brown, c.	1	1	7	1	0	Woodhead, 3b.	0	1	2	1	1
Schafer, l. f.	1	0	2	0	1	Tipper, l. f.	0	1	2	0	1
Foley, r. f.	0	1	1	1	0	Callahan, p.	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	6	9	21	8	7	Totals	4	7	21	12	12

Boston	1	0	0	0	1	4	0—6				
New England Nine	2	0	1	1	0	0	0—4				

Earned runs—Boston, 2. Two-base hits—Leonard, Crane, Bradley. Struck out—O'Rourke, Crane, Tierney. First base on errors—Boston, 2, N. E. Nine, 3. Double-play—Bradley and Sullivan. Passed balls—Sullivan, 3. Wild pitch—Callahan, 1; Bradley, 1. Wild throws—Morrill, 1; Brown, 2; Bradley, 1; Woodhead, 1. Umpire, Mr. Borden of the Bostons. Time, 2h.

The closing game of the series between these nines was contested on the 3d inst., and proved to be the most interesting of all. Bradley pitched two innings for the picked team and Callahan of Our Boys the remainder of the game. Score:

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	N. Eng. Nine.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. W'right, 2d b	0	1	2	2	1	Crane, 2d b.	0	1	1	2	1
Leonard, s. s.	1	2	5	3	2	Bradley, p., c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
O'Rourke, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1	Tierney, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Murnan, c. f.	1	2	0	0	1	Sullivan, c.	0	0	4	0	0
Manning, p.	1	2	0	6	0	McKinnon, 1b.	0	2	9	0	0
Morrill, 3d b.	1	2	1	3	0	S. Wright, s. s.	1	0	0	4	1
Brown, c.	1	1	1	0	4	Woodhead, 3d b	0	0	1	0	0
Shafer, l. f.	2	2	1	0	0	Shattuck, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Foley, r. f., 1st b	0	0	6	0	0	Callahan, p.	0	0	0	0	2
Totals	7	12	24	24	6	Totals	1	5	24	13	9

Boston	0	3	1	1	0	2	0	0—7			
New England Nine	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1			

Earned runs—Boston, 1. Two-base hits—Schafer, 2. Three-base hit—Leonard. Home run—Manning. Struck out—Manning, O'Rourke. First base on errors—Boston, 3; N. E. Nine, 2. Passed balls—Brown, 2; Sullivan, 3. Wild pitches—Callahan, 2. Wild throws—Leonard, Sullivan, Woodhead. Umpire—Mr. McCullar of the Lowells. Time, 1h. 45min.

STANDARDS OF WHEELING, W. VA.

Underneath will be found a record of the games played by the above club during the season of 1876 in which single figures were made:

Standard vs. Neshannock	5 to 9
Standard vs. Neshannock	5 7
Standard vs. Reserve	5 3
Standard vs. Stars	6 9
Standard vs. Neshannock	1 6
Standard vs. Allegheny	3 5
Standard vs. Allegheny	4 9
Standard vs. Louisville	3 8
Standard vs. Allegheny	3 8

The individual averages are as follows:

	Batting Av.	Games.	T. B.
Glascock	1.71	28	111
Lukens	1.58	28	111
Junkens	1.54	11	47
Parkey	1.45	26	117
Summers	1.36	15	63
Moffet	1.17	23	107
Venum	1.16	28	121
Johnson	1.12	19	85
Rodinson	.99	26	107
Wilson	.81	22	90

THE GREENVILLE CLUB.—The single-figure games of this New Jersey club for 1876 were as follows:

Greenville vs. Centennial of Greenville	5 to 4
Greenville vs. Elizabeth of Elizabeth	8 9
Greenville vs. Irvington of Irvington	7 5
Greenville vs. Madison of Newark	9 0
Greenville vs. Orchard of Greenpoint	8 6

THE MAPLE LEAFS OF GUELPH.

Next season it is the intention to manage the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Canada, by a joint stock company. A handsome amount has already been subscribed by many influential citizens, and we are informed that there is no doubt but what a team will sail under the old Maple Leaf banner during the season of 1877 that will be a credit to Canada. Messrs. James Sullivan, Thos. Smith, and W. B. Lapham, jr. ho played with the Leafs during the past season will be retained for the ensuing. Their respective positions will be that of pitcher, left field and first base. The officers of the company are: President and manager, George Sleeman; secretary, John Mitchell; treasurer, T. Y. Greet. Appended is a record of games played last season, with fielding and batting averages:

VICTORIES.

June 14.	Green Stocking of Guelph, at Guelph	26 to 0
June 16.	Standard of Hamilton, at Hamilton	12 2
June 24.	Standard of Hamilton, at Hamilton	25 2
July 5.	Blue Stocking of Coburg, at Coburg	15 3
July 6.	Silver Star of Port Hope, at Port Hope	35 6
July 7.	Royal Oak of Bowmanville, at Bowman'le	14 1
July 18.	Guelph of Guelph, at Guelph	26 4
Aug. 14.	Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	10 2
Aug. 17.	Toronto of Toronto, at Guelph	10 0
Aug. 28.	Silver Creek of Guelph, at Guelph	17 1
Aug. 29.	Brown Stocking of St. Louis, at Guelph	9 0
Sept. 18.	Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	33 0
Sept. 21.	Green Stocking of Guelph, at Guelph	32 0
Sept. 27.	St. Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston	14 3
Sept. 27.	St. Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston	11 2
Sept. 28.	St. Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston	12 2
Sept. 28.	St. Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston	16 5
Sept. 29.	Toronto of Toronto, at Toronto	19 9

DEFEATS.

May 24.	Tecumseh of London, at London (10 in'gs)	8 7
May 25.	Alma of Detroit, at Detroit	10 4
May 26.	Mutual of Jackson, at Jackson	5 4
July 20.	Tecumseh of London, at Guelph	10 7
Sept. 8.	Cass of Detroit, at Guelph	11 2
Sept. 12.	Tecumseh of London, at London	8 5

CRICKET CLUB OF BINGHAMTON.

During the past season this New York Club played the following single-figure games:

VICTORIES.

June 12.	Owego, at Binghamton, N. Y.	8 to 1
June 26.	Star, at Binghamton	2 1
June 28.	Star, at Binghamton	7 5
July 10.	Alaska, at Binghamton	5 4
July 11.	Alaska, at Binghamton	5 4
Aug. 2.	Ithaca, at Ithaca	4 3
Aug. 7.	Auburn, at Binghamton	6 4
Aug. 9.	Cornell, at Binghamton	6 1
Aug. 15.	Hion, at Binghamton	5 1
Sept. 29.	Star, at Binghamton	8 3
Oct. 5.	Auburn, at Binghamton	4 1
Oct. 16.	Hartford, at Binghamton	6 0

DEFEATS.

May 17.	Ithaca, at Binghamton	5 8
June 10.	Ithaca, at Kimira	7 3
June 13.	Ithaca, at Ithaca	2 3
June 19.	Star, at Syracuse	3 9
July 1.	Alaska, at Binghamton	3 6
July 8.	Ithaca, at Ithaca	3 7
July 12.	Ithaca, at Syracuse	4 7
July 13.	Hion, at Syracuse	4 10
July 20.	Carbondale, at Binghamton	4 4
July 27.	San Francisco, at Binghamton	5 6
July 31.	Ithaca, at Binghamton	4 7
Aug. 16.	Star, at Syracuse	4 8
Aug. 22.	Chelsea, at Binghamton	4 8
Sept. 13.	Star, at Binghamton	3 5
Sept. 15.	Buckeye, at Binghamton	2 4
Sept. 16.	Ithaca, at Binghamton	3 4
Sept. 18.	Cincinnati, at Binghamton	0 9
Sept. 27.	Ithaca, at Binghamton	5 6
Sept. 28.	Ithaca, at Owego	5 7
Oct. 3.	Star, at Syracuse	4 5
Oct. 7.	Fall River, at Binghamton	7 4

DRAWN GAMES.

July 4.	Hion, at Binghamton	0 0
July 25.	Olympic, at Binghamton	0 0
July 28.	Ithaca, at Binghamton	5 5
Sept. 1.	Boston, at Binghamton	2 2

BATTING.

	Games.	Outs.	Runs.	Average.
McGuinness	56	80	1.42	Kennedy	63	63	1.00
Richardson	31	39	1.25	Nicholas	52	52	1.00
Crouch	31	39	1.25	Roche	49	48	0.97
Egan	9	10	1.11	Smith	51	45	0.88
Dailey	40	44	1.10	Wilcox	62	47	0.75
Latham	24	26	1.08	Kelley	9	3	0.33

FIELDING.

| | Games. | P.O. | At P.O.

THE BENEFIT NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He was a tragic "leading man,"
His looks were long and dark,
And nightly in a varied "round"
He "spouted" at the "Park"!—
(What "Park" it was I dare not say,
For fear a storm 'would rain—
Whether the one of modern fame,
Or that of "palmy days.")

His "benefit" was underlined,
"Othello" was the play,
For he could wrestle with the Moor
In quite an awful way.
He scorned to carry tickets 'round,
As many actors do,
Dreading that each passing friend
Should "purchase one or two."

Such base indignity he spurned,
Though wealth should o'er him flood;
The treasurer might sell them "seats,"
'Twas his to "freeze their blood."

At five upon *the* afternoon
He to the greenroom sped,
To "con" his lines once more with care,
But fell asleep instead.

He thought his acting had become
"The glory of the stage"—
America revered his name,
While England writhed in rage.
Long lines of managers he saw
Before him humbly bent,
Soliciting that he should "star"
At seventy-five per cent!

He gasped and gurgled and awoke—
'Twas dark, perchance 'twas late!
Great Jupiter! the greenroom clock
Proclaimed the hour of eight.
'Twas time a step to ev'ning dress he stage,
And through the curtain stare;
He thought to view a "crowded house,"
But not a soul was there!

Oh, he mouthed in frantic rage,
And wildly clutched the air;
He practiced paroxysms of grief
And harangues of despair!

But later, when the house was filled,
Our hero heard it said,
That when he was asleep "the boys"
Had set the stock ahead!

E. B. KIDDER.

STORY OF A WOMAN'S HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

In her sumptuous palace in Berlin, the Baroness Trenholm lay dying. She had been a very beautiful woman, and she was by the ravages of disease, her face retained much of its former attraction. It was a white, childish face, with deep gray eyes, and a small, tremulous mouth, regular features, and the most luxuriant hair, whose wondrous length and thickness, with its color, like burnished gold, had greatly contributed to her celebrated beauty. It was indeed wonderful hair, shining, massive, and withal as soft as satin. Its unusual length and color made it a marvel to all who had ever beheld it.

Lying on her bed, she gathered the wealth of shining tresses in her hand—like a harvest of beaten gold, and sighed:

"Max," she said softly.

A tall figure drew near the bedside, and laid his hand gently upon her golden head.

"What is it, my Teresa?"

She turned her eyes, full of love, upon his anxious face.

"You know, Max," she replied, "I cannot live very long. Do not try to deny the truth, my husband, for it is even so. Now, I want you to promise me something. When I am gone—when my body is prepared for its last resting-place—let my hair be buried with me. It may be a foolish fancy, but I cannot bear that it should be severed from my head. I think that if anyone should attempt to remove it my spirit would haunt them, for my hair has been my pride—my crowning glory; has it not, Max?" looking fondly into her husband's face.

"My darling," he answered gravely, "your request is not foolish, and it shall be granted. Nobody shall harm one hair of this shining crown. Do not fear, my Teresa; I promise you!"

"Swear it, Max!"

"I swear it!"

"Max," she continued thoughtfully, "if such a sacrilege should be committed, my spirit would not rest; I feel it."

Two days later the Baroness Trenholm was no more. The funeral was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and she was laid away to rest with her haughty and noble old ancestors.

"Yes, it is lovely, Maude?"

We had just entered a dingy little hairdresser's shop, away down in the French quarter of the city of New Orleans—my cousin, Ethel Hunter, and myself. An out-of-the-way place, to be sure, with most uninviting surroundings, and a sort of sinister aspect generally which made me shrink involuntarily with one of those strange dislikes and antipathies which take possession of us at times; most unaccountable, but hard to get rid of.

"What will mees be please to look at?"

The voice—oily, sleek, insinuating—at my elbow caused me to turn, and my eyes fell upon the most repulsive human being I have ever encountered. A dwarf of middle age, horribly deformed and misshapen; a large head, with bristly black hair; small, half-shut blear-eyes, peering from beneath a pair of shaggy brows, and an immense mouth, coarse and sensual, which displayed huge yellow tusks. I started back in dismay; but my cousin Ethel's eyes had never left the object of her admiration, and, overcoming her evident disgust for the shopkeeper, she pointed to a shining coil of golden hair which was suspended in the large show-window.

An odd expression crossed the dwarf's ugly features. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and then placed the hair upon the counter before us. It was a magnificent wealth of wavy, shining gold, really superb. Perhaps it is not a romantic subject upon which to write; but, as I wish to relate this truly strange story, truth compels me to explain that we were endeavoring to select a braid of hair to match Cousin Ethel's golden tresses. This was our first visit to this particular shop, whither we had been directed, and great was our surprise to find here in this obscure establishment the perfect tresses which lay before us, the identical shade and texture for which we had sought so long and hitherto in vain. I lifted the braid of hair from the counter, and laid it against Ethel's.

"A perfect match, isn't it, Maude?" she cried gayly. "How fortunate we came away down here, after all."

I chanced to raise my eyes, and my gaze fell upon the dwarf. His face was absolutely frightful. An idea slipped into my mind—a wild fancy—that there was some mystery connected with this hair. But I roused myself from my vague musings, mingled with an odd impression that somewhere I had seen this ugly shopkeeper before, in time to hear Edith inquire the price of the braid, followed by the enormous demand of the hairdresser. I laid my hand on Ethel's arm.

"Don't pay it," I urged. "It's exorbitant, and besides——"

"Well, why do mees object?"

The insolent tone of the dwarf arrested my cousin's attention.

"Attend to your own affairs," she said haughtily. Then, turning to me: "No, Maude; I must have this hair. So perfect a match cannot be obtained elsewhere in New Orleans; and, as for the price, papa never limits me in any extravagance you know." This, with a merry little laugh, to which I had no further protest to make. So I watched my careless cousin as she counted out the requisite sum from her little pearl-clasped portmonnaie, and together we left the hateful place, but not until I had caught a baleful gleam of hatred, bent upon us both, from beneath the bushy brows of the wretch in the shop.

Well, we went to the opera that night to see "Faust," Ethel and I, with her father. Her hair was superb; it was dressed *a la* Pompadour, and she wore the Pompadour colors. With her rosebud face, she looked like one of the old-time beauties that Lely loved to paint. We were conversing with some friends between the acts, when Ethel's father touched her hand and whispered:

"Ethel, my daughter, the Baron is here!"

"The Baron?" inquired Ethel.

"Yes; Baron Trenholm," he replied, smiling as a flush passed over the girlish face. "You remember our meeting him in Berlin during our trip to Europe two years ago, do you not? His wife had died a short time before—no, it was during our stay." A pause; Ethel did not speak. "He has been watching you for the last half hour," continued her father, "from the stage-box over the way. Are you not complimented, *ma chere?*"

Just then, a tall, slender, dark-haired man, in plain evening dress, entered our box, and was soon bending lowly before my pretty cousin. It was the Baron Trenholm. His strength became very attentive to Ethel, and I watched the rose-color come and go in the girl's round cheeks with a feeling at my heart that this was more than a mere acquaintance.

The opera was over, and we arrived home just before midnight. But Ethel had no opinion to express in regard to her new friend, and, pleading a dreadful headache, she at once retired. The next day the Baron called, and after that he became a frequent visitor and our escort par excellence. I saw which way matters tended, for report said that the Baron was to take a bride from among the fair American girls, and who more fair and lovely than Ethel? Once, when we were out together, I encountered the old dwarf shopman, and I felt my heart stand still with an undefined horror, a dread which I could not name, as I caught his malignant gaze upon us. But I said nothing to Ethel and her escort, and they were unaware of the proximity of the creature. But matters were rapidly coming to a crisis. One morning my cousin received a note from the Baron to the effect that an sudden and important business had recalled him home to Berlin; that he sailed on that day, and had no time to make his adieus in person, but would surely return to New Orleans in time for the Mardi-Gras ball, at the Grand Opera-house, and craved the honor of joining our party.

There was a constrained tone to the note which did not please me; but I saw that Ethel did not perceive it, so I said nothing; while I noticed the bright light in her eyes and the flush on her cheek, which betrayed to me the secret which she imagined unknown to any save her own heart.

Mardi-Gras, with its glitter and parade, arrived, and with it our friend from Berlin. Preparations for the grand ball were going rapidly forward, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell." But I fancied that the Baron was restless and uneasy; there seemed a sort of repressed excitement in his manner, and several times I observed his eyes bent upon Ethel in a most unaccountable way.

My cousin was never so beautiful as that night at the grand ball. Everywhere a crowd of admirers followed in her train; but her escort was the most assiduous and devoted, and I observed many a sly glance and knowing nod turned towards the handsome pair as they danced and promenaded together.

We had not been in the ballroom more than an hour. I had been going through the Lancers with a young officer—he had conducted me to a seat, and had gone to procure me an ice—when, sitting in an obscure corner, I fancied that I heard, close at my side, a low, mocking laugh. Turning hastily, my eyes fell upon the ugly old dwarf, the hairdresser. He had probably gained admittance for the ostensible purposes of plying his trade in the dressing-rooms adjoining, whither the ladies were continually flitting for the rearrangement of their coiffures. His dress was of the most exquisite description, but his look in his bleared eyes, as they followed the slender form of my Cousin Ethel, who was waltzing with Baron Trenholm. I started to my feet with a low cry of terror on my lips, but he slipped suddenly away by some unknown outlet; and, as my partner returned at that moment, I saw him no more. Trying to cast the loathsome thought from me, I sat down with a strange, numb feeling at my heart; when, to my surprise, I saw the Baron coming towards me with a hasty step.

"Miss Maude," he began hurriedly, "your cousin is quite ill. Where is her father? Shall I order the carriage?"

"By all means," I cried, as I arose to hasten to her side. I found her, white and wan, in one of the ante-rooms.

"Maude, *cherie*," she began as I entered, "it's too bad to make you and papa come home. Why, we've only danced twice, and it's but half-past eleven. I'm a wretch to spoil your pleasure so; but I've a terrible headache, a strange, numb feeling across my temples, with occasional flashes of pain that are absolute torture."

I kissed away her self-reproaches, and just then her father hastily entered, full of concern and anxiety, followed by the Baron, who accepted Mr. Hunter's invitation to accompany us home in our carriage.

We were sitting in the snug library at home fifteen minutes later. Ethel reclined languidly in a large, velvet-cushioned easy-chair, while I bathed her throbbing temples with eau-de-cologne. The Baron still lingered; it seemed as if some power was detaining him. There was something strange about it all. Watching him narrowly I decided in my heart that he was framing excuses for the purpose of remaining.

Tired out at last, I dropped upon a stool at Ethel's feet. Her father was sitting near. The Baron took up his hat, as though to bid us adieu, when the tiny clock upon the mantle, with its sweet, musical clatter, chimed the hour of midnight. Baron Trenholm turned pale and dropped his hat. I began to think him insane. He stooped to pick it up, and then a cry burst from his lips—such a cry as I had never heard from mortal lips before. Involuntarily our eyes turned upon Ethel. Great heavens! were we dreaming? *She was gone!* vanished from our sight; and in her place, in the wide-armed velvet-chair, lay the figure of a woman, thin and white. Not a feature was Ethel's. It was a small, childish face, with a tremulous little mouth, and half-open, dark-gray eyes. From her temples rippled long waves of sunny hair, and streamed in shining gold adown her marble shoulders. My brain reeled as I recognized the very hair that had been sold to Ethel by the dwarf hairdresser.

As though chained to the spot, our eyes were bent upon the strange form. Suddenly the pale lips parted, and from them came some words in German—sad, reproachful words. The Baron bounded to the side of the chair.

"Teresa!" he cried.

The pale face dropped, the white robe which she wore became a shroud, the eyes closed, the jaw fell, the small hands clasped themselves over the cold and lifeless breast. Darkness danced before my eyes. I felt that I was falling, but with a mighty effort I controlled myself and sprang to my feet. I dashed to the side of the chair, and tore the flowing, golden hair from the head of the woman that lay there, ghastly and white and dead. I threw the hair to the farthest corner of the room, and Ethel was once more reclining where so lately had been—*what!* Then I fell to the floor in convulsions.

They told me the rest afterwards. It seemed that the dwarf had formerly been in the employ of the Baroness Trenholm, retaining his place because of his great skill in dressing her beautiful hair. Two years before, while we were in Europe, we had attended a fete given by the Baron and his lady; and here the dwarf first saw Ethel, and in some way conceived a diabolical fancy for her, which was greatly augmented by some fancied wrong or slight. He determined to disgrace the fair, independent American girl, and lay her haughty pride in the dust. So he formed a plan which he ultimately carried out. He obtained access to the rooms of the Baroness, after her decease, for the purpose of arranging her beautiful tresses for the last time. Just before the coffin was closed forever he made some pretext for re-entering the apartment, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the watchers and attendants, he managed to sever most of her hair from her head. Then, fearing detection, he came to America and pitched his tent in New Orleans. Here he contrived to inveigle Ethel to his shop, and, as he had expected and intended, had sold to her the beautiful hair of the dead woman, whose dying request had been that it should not be removed from her head. The dwarf had then managed to acquaint the Baron with the fact of the theft, telling him that Ethel, having always coveted the luxuriant tresses of his wife, had bribed the dwarf to procure them for her own use.

But Baron Trenholm could not credit the statement that the hair had been stolen at all, and so had returned to Berlin for the purpose of discovering the truth. He found, too truly, that the theft had been committed; but his faith in Ethel Hunter was too strong to be shaken by the machinations of a scheming villain. He resolved to *prove* that the young girl really wore the hair, and so he bided his time. For the Baron was wiser than most men. He had read many strange books, and learned many curious facts, and among others this, that he had found in a quaint, old German scientific work: "That the wearer of false hair is often under the control or power of the original owner of the hair. Strange vitality and subtle influences lie in human hair; the stronger individuality overcomes the weaker. And hair taken from the owner, whether dead or alive, without their consent, has the power of transforming the wearer into the likeness of the original for a short time—at the hour of midnight only." So it often happens that ladies wear their false tresses for many a day without learning the subtle influences which lie in them, and then, as in Ethel's case, they chance to wear them at midnight, and the startling revelation comes. The Baron had read this and pondered well on it, and now he determined to watch Ethel well, and prove the truth of the scientific writer's assertion, as well as her innocence or guilt. Hence his intense desire to remain until "the witching hour" on the night of the poor girl's indisposition, which he believed to have been occasioned by the influence of the stolen hair.

It was many days before I recovered from the shock of that Mardi-Gras night. When I was myself once more, I found that the Baron had gone to Berlin for the purpose of replacing the stolen locks in the coffin of his wife. Afterwards he found the dwarf, and extorted from him a confession of his whole vile plot, and he was handed over to the proper authorities, who gave him a good long term in durance vile. Last Christmas-eve, had you visited the St. Louis Cathedral, you would have seen my cousin Ethel Hunter become the Baroness Trenholm. We travel together a great deal now, but intuitively shun Berlin as though it were a plague-infested city.

And when my cousin is questioned as to her strange aversion to Berlin, she startles her interlocutors by replying that that city reminds her of coffins and dead women and other unpleasant things. People wonder at the odd explanation; but then "anything is excusable in an American girl abroad," especially when she is married to a wealthy and titled foreigner, and dresses as exquisitely as the Baroness Trenholm.

N. B.—She does not wear false hair!

"SCOOPED IN."

In the years gone by you may have met "Rummy the Repeater." Repeating used to be a regular business in New York, and repeaters were as well known as the Aldermen. "Rummy" was a beetle-browed, thick-necked ruffian, who had political influence and plenty of muscle; and it was no strange sight to see him hobnobbing with candidates and shaking hands with noted politicians. They wanted someone to do their dirty work, and no better man could have been secured. Rummy knew the slums of New York as well as christian people know the Trinity Church edifice. He had a way of making a friend vote "the whole ticket" or carry home a broken head, and there was a day when half of Five Points marched behind him to the ballot-box.

Pursued by justice, degraded by strong drink, he dropped out of sight two or three years ago. He dropped from saloons to gin dives, from respectable apparel from patched patches, and by-and-bye he was sent from the Tombs Court to the Island. No one cared what became of him or thought to ask after him, and a few days ago, when a ghostly-faced, hollow-eyed being crept into Baxter street and pulled himself along with painful step, not a soul in New York could have recognized the identity of Rummy the Repeater.

He had come home to die. There were those in Baxter street who would give him room to lie down and breathe his last, and he was hunting them up. No one knew him; no one helped him; and he reached the orphans of the curbstone hardly looked up as he limped past. In that locality he had won his most signal triumphs; in that neighborhood he was to suffer his last defeat. A blear-eyed man and a red-faced woman helped him up two flights of dark and dirty stairs, led him to a wretched room, and Rummy the Repeater was never to walk the streets again.

The other day, when Ohio and Indiana held their State election, there was excitement in Baxter street as well as along Broadway. Rummy took a fresh hold on life. He had been gradually sinking away, and the excitement lifted him up for a few hours. He heard the chances canvassed, and was told of wagers that had been laid, and all at once he called out:

"Hooray for our side!"

Three or four old topers, with straw in their hair and coffee on their noses, were called upstairs to make it seem like old times, and Rummy grew stronger yet.

"How much like one of my old-fashioned packed ward caucuses!" he exclaimed, as he looked from face to face.

There was a similarity indeed, but it was never to be again. A power far mightier than politics was to call a convention, and Rummy the Repeater was to be the only delegate present. He grew weaker after the excitement had passed away, and at dusk the wretched people who cared for him knew that he could not live the night out. At lamplight, after having been very quiet for an hour or so, he suddenly roused up and exclaimed:

"Vote the straight ticket, and beware of canards set afloat by the opposition!"

The red-faced woman and the blear-eyed man whispered together and pointed towards the patient. The reaction had come, and his hours were numbered.

"I always used to bet on election," he whispered, after a little while, "and I want to scoop 'em in this time. Will anyone give me odds on Ohio?"

"Rummy, you have nothing to bet," said the man, striking a light and leaning over the bed.

"That's so, that's so!" sighed the dying man. "If I only had $10 now and could get two to one on Ohio, how I would scoop in the ducats! What s the latest news?"

"The latest news," said the woman from her dark corner, "is that you will be a dead man before morning."

"Another lie nailed!" fiercely exclaimed the old politician, pulling himself up to a sitting position.

The woman was awed by his wild look.

"Vote early and vote often, and pack the ballot-boxes good and strong!" he whispered, as he fell back.

The man didn't want to stay and see him die, and he skulked downstairs. The room was more lonely after he had gone, and by-and-bye the woman also disappeared, leaving the dying man alone to fight away the clutch of Death. His mind wandered. He thought the room was full of men, and he called out:

"Gentlemen, the hour is up, and I move that we organize this meeting. Hats off, now! The first thing in order is the election of a president."

He was quiet for a few minutes, while the shadows voted. "Aye!" and Death came a little nearer and whispered: "No!" His "constituents" were bare walls, naked floor and broken furniture.

"Aye, I will make a wager!" he called out, his eyes lighting up. "I will bet even with Death that our side wins in Ohio, and my coffin shall hold the stake!"

Down on the street men were anxiously seeking after the latest dispatches. Up there in that poverty-stricken room Death was claiming the wager. Once, far along in the evening, as someone uttered a shout under the window, the repeater opened his eyes and whispered: "Increased majorities! Pull vote! Large gains!" Those were his last words. When the woman came upstairs the light was shining on a ghostly face on the bed, and a wager had been lost and won. There was no work to do, no grief to express. A pine coffin, an unmarked grave, and stalwart bidder and loser were forever hidden from man's sight beneath the turf.—*New York Sunday Telegram.*

SUPPOSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Supposing that I happened to be
A clerk in a candy-store;
I'd throttle the boss if I chanced to see
You a-tripping by the door.
Then I'd run on the window and you'd come in,
And then to eat we would both begin—
Candies of different colors and tints,
And cocoanut-cakes and peppermints;
I would slip my arm around your waist
While we tucked away at the jujube-paste,
And the crispy macaroon we'd munch,
And we'd sip the elegant Roman-punch,
And we'd crunch and crunch and crunch and crunch
Forever, love, forever.

Or, if I was a clerk in a dollar-store,
And you should come in to buy,
I would take a sack and cram your pockets
With the very richest goods chock full,
And then on the wings of love we'd fly
Thousands and thousands and thousands of miles
To one of the cunningest little isles,
Where we'd live on roses and kisses and smiles
Forever, love, forever.

J. H. B.

THE SICILIAN BRIDE.

A Tale of the Opera.

CHAPTER I.

A RECONCILIATION.

We were near Syracuse, the capital of Sicily, and, far above, ever-threatening and ever-beautiful Ætna is capped with its coronal of white smoke. A chapel may be seen, and near it one of those life-sized, numberless images of the Virgin which are so common in the island. About this statue young Sicilians of both sexes are weaving wreaths of flowers; while others, more mundane, are dancing to the tinkling guitars. But there is one peasant-girl in the group who is remarkable for the extreme brilliancy of her dress. This is Sabrina, and the lightness of the toilet is accounted for by the fact that she is this very evening to become the wife of a Syracuse armorer, one Pietro.

And now the dancers, and even the more religious peasants of the district, are attracted by the approach of old Satanico, the soothsayer of the neighborhood. They were as willing to hear as he to predict; and, to confess the truth, he was prognosticating at a prodigious pace, when a hard voice was heard, and which said: "Aye, predict, good Satanico, but be true to truth! Tell them that they will soon be slaves indeed if they do not at once throw off the foreign and French yoke!"

The speaker was a handsome and strong, swarthy man, followed by many who were evidently his companions; and indeed, not to be at all mysterious, it may at once be said that this individual was that very Sicilian armorer about to be united to Sabrina the peasant-girl.

He referred, in fact, to the French oppression then weighing upon the island, which was governed by the Marquis Montluc, the Viceroy of Charles of Anjou.

The Sicilians turned to the newcomer, who was reputed even as much for his good sense as for the strength of his arm, and they asked what had happened.

"A new edict from our French Governor," he said roughly.

"But it touches thee not," said Sabrina, approaching her betrothed.

"Nay; this day does it concern me far more than it would have done yesterday; for know by it the Governor insists that no Sicilians shall intermarry without the permission of the Government."

"What!" shrieks Sabrina; "then am I not to be married?"

"Aye, we will be forged together, my Sabrina, and this very night; but no one must see the link. In other words, our union must be as secret as assassination, or the French might trouble thee, my wife that is to be."

"Have no fear for me," said Sabrina, "I am the protegee of the noble Bianca Andreozzo, daughter of the first grandee of Sicily, and to whom the French and their Governor are forced to pay respect—she who is called over the island the Angel of Sicily."

"Now, listen, men, and lend your ears; women, are ye not all weary of the French heavy hand—of the strangers who have conquered our fair land?"

He was answered by a friendly shout.

"Aye; but would you strike if the chance of a blow were given you?"

"Hush! low!" cried the soothsayer. "What if French spies hear ye?"

"Let them hear and see."

As Pietro thus spoke he drew forth a dagger, which in itself was against the law, for no civilian was allowed to carry arms Those who had come with him followed his example, and lo! the evening air glistened with upraised poniards.

"Keep them sharp, friends," said the armorer, "for soon ye will have no time in which to sharpen them. Sabrina, whenthe Angelus sounds, meet me here at the wayside chapel; and two, being ourselves, shall be made one before to-night's late moon rises."

The good peasants trooped their various ways, as did also the armorer and his men, so that at last there only remained Sabrina.

Left all alone, the Sicilian peasant-girl thought after this fashion: "I should want for nothing now if I could see my foster-sister Bianca happy, for the good folk think almost as much of her as they do of Madonna herself. Alas, she is forever absorbed in her thoughts!"

Then she looked towards the old castle of the Andreozzis and smiled, for Bianca was approaching the old chapel. It was indeed the knowledge of her near arrival that had shaped Sabrina's thoughts.

"How sad you look, dear lady mine!" said Sabrina. "Ah, if I did but enjoy your secret, and could assuage the grief it causes you!"

"Dear foster-sister Sabrina, were it only my own secret you should long since have shared it with me; but it is another's as well as mine."

"Ah, Lady Bianca, you have no further faith in me!"

"No! Then you shall learn it all. It was but yesterday, at vespers, methought I must confide in you, my good sister, then. You know that my proud family, and especially our present head, my father the Count Andreozzo, has long been at vendetta with the family of the Sangenari, headed by the old Duke of Andreozzo."

"Oh, these family feuds!" cried Sabrina; "they are as bad as plagues."*

"Know, my Sabrina, that it is to the only son of the Duke of Sangenaro that I am affianced. Judge, then, of my deep sorrow; the heirs of the heads of two houses can wed no other!"

"How came all this to pass, dear lady?"

"One day," said Bianca, "while riding in the forest, my restless horse suddenly rushed off at great speed. I was upon the brink of a precipice, and certain death was upon me, when a cavalier leaped from his steed, and at the risk of his own life saved mine!"

"I love him already," cries Sabrina.

"From that day I and Count Rodolfo, the Duke's only son, have loved. We met daily, and I pray you help us! We are near the place, and it is the hour of our meeting. Go, but wait a little, and we shall hear his trumpet call!"

She was right. The call was heard, a whistle answered it, and in a few moments a thorough Sicilian youth joined the two young girls.

Ah, the words of love are the same in all places, and all times; and why repeat them? What need can there be to repeat them? Rather let us come to the swift moment, for these interviews were always necessarily short, when they began to talk of their plans.

But their gentle contrivances to meet and love were brusquely interrupted by Sabrina. She, with amiable consideration, continued to look any where rather than at the lovers, except when she was personally addressed. Very naturally, it was Sabrina who was the first to mark the approach of the old Duke of Andreozzo, accompanied by his court.

"He must not see me here," said Rodolfo.

And therefore he hurried into the chapel, to the entrance of which Bianca accompanied him.

Sabrina, watching the coming of the Andreozzi, did not mark the arrival of the Sangenari from the opposite point of the compass.

It is impossible to give a correct idea of the rapidity with which a sanguinary brawl in those times, and in such countries as Corsica and Sicily, was commenced. Scarcely did the two bands of the neighboring castellans at feud see each other, than they dashed upon their enemies with the swiftness and savagery of bulldogs.

But at a cry they turned, to see the two heirs of the rival houses standing together within the portico of the wayside memorial chapel. At the same moment, Pietro and his workmen, hearing the warlike cries of the two sides, rushed from their neighboring workshop, and between two opponents.

"Gentles," suddenly cried the head of the house of Andreozzi, "glad am I of the interference of these good fellows the armorers, for it enables me to entreat that, whatever private quarrels we may have, we should sink them when we remember the miseries of our poor country. Let us contrive as brothers to free her, and forget that we ever have thought differently!"

"Signor and gentles," said Sangenaro, the head of the second house. "Andreozzo's words move me deeply. Here offer I my hand to the noble Andreozzo, and swear loyalty to him!"

"As I to thee," cried Andreozzo; and, as the cheering armorers let the soldiers of the two families approach, a voice was suddenly heard to say:

"Let me join my voice to my father's."

It was Rodolfo who spoke, and who was seen standing near Bianca on the threshold of the chapel.

There, as the moon rose, the two families ended their long vendetta by the consent given to the marriage of Bianca and Rodolfo. Little delay, however, was allowed for congratulation. The times were threatening, and all there knew that, if a successful blow was to be struck against the French, it must be quickly done or it would fail.

For the conspiratory were deep at work devising the conspiracy, after having sent out scouts in every direction. The only light to be seen was that placed upon the steps of the Calvary, the marble Crucifixion which stood near the chapel, and by the feeble flame of which the Lady Bianca wrote at her father's dictation, and as follows.

The patriots meet on the Feast of St. Clara, just previously to daybreak, in the cavern workshops of the armorer Pietro, near the Andreozzi Chapel. Friends of Sicily will join according to their neighborhood, and come on with any of the following lords and gentlemen: Andreozzo, Sangenaro, Lollo, Salviati, Palo, Strozzi. Guerro gives up the citadel to the patriots at daybreak, and before the day is out the French will either conquer or be conquered.

The gentlemen present approved of this programme, and they were preparing to take a vow of fidelity, when one of the scouts hurried up with the startling news that a small cavalcade, escorting the royal livery, were approaching by the high road.

In a short time a gentleman carrying the French royal colors was ushered before Andreozzo.

"Sir," said the French officer, "on my way to your castle I have been informed that I should find you here. I do so, and I salute you in the name of the Viceroy. Be pleased you, accept from my hand this his communication."

The missive consisted of an invitation to the Count, his daughter Bianca, and their noble friends to join the court revels at Syracuse on the following day.

"You refuse, of course?" whispered one of the nobles.

"I accept," he replied, "or suspicion might be aroused."

"What if the invitation were a snare to entrap us?"

"Still we must go, or our plans will fail."

He added in a loud voice to the page: "For myself and my good friends and equals I accept his Highness' invitation, and will see the Viceroy to-morrow night."

Even then, as the French envoy withdrew, the conspirators doubted the wisdom of their chief.

His new ally, the Duke of Sangenaro, thoroughly though briefly applauded his newly-made friend's resolve; but the doubtful faces still remained. Nay, the mistrust reigned even when those present followed the bride and bridegroom into the chapel, where the rival houses were about to be joined in one. So great a fear had the Sicilians of the equal adroitness and treachery of the French, that the friends of the Andreozzi and the Sangenari felt that a great error was committed in accepting the Viceroy's invitation.

CHAPTER II.

THE GALA.

Then, as in our days, the French were the best caterers for an entertainment in the world. Even the Sicilian nobles and gentry present at the Viceroy's palace almost forgave France, for the time being, as they wandered about the illuminated gardens and exquisitely-decorated vice-regal reception-rooms. But, for all that, the Syracusans and other Sicilians did not readily mix with the French, who for that matter were content with their own joyous company, as they always have been, in whatever part of the world they may be. Thus it happened that the Viceroy and his French friends found themselves together, and in one of the more brilliantly-lit reception rooms.

"Dear countrymen," said Montluc, "I tell you there is no discontent among the Sicilians. They quite recognize that, under the French rule, they will be safe and happy. Nay, this very night some of the most powerful noblemen in the island will be here with us. Messieurs, let me impress upon you the importance at being cordial in your treatment. Mes-sieurs, I quit you, for I have still much to organize."

The French party broke up, but not before its members agreed, after the Viceroy had left them, that he looked strangely concerned and anxious.

The observation was just, for the Marquis of Montluc was a prey to one of those inexplicable passions which sometimes overcome even good men, and which are always the danger and frequent destruction of the bad. This miserable man had in vain endeavored to conquer a passion for Bianca Andreozzo. He knew that she was noble, actually his superior; that she might aspire to be the wife of any nobleman in Europe; and yet so desperate was his

THE SICILIAN BRIDE.
Bianca Interposes Between the Duellists.

consuming passion, that he had contrived the splendid entertainment, then progressing that he might accomplish her ruin.

When by himself he took a small vial, hidden in his clothing and near his heart.

The bottle seemed to fascinate him. As he gazed upon it, his thoughts ran in this direction:

"Has the so-called astrologer Satanico deceived me, or is he truthful? Surely the latter, since 'twill pay him better to be true than false. So this liquor will produce temporary unconsciousness, but is not mortally poisonous. It is a daring adventure, but no other than myself will ever know what has happened."

When the Count Andreozzo and the Lady Bianca were announced, Montluc's heart beat wildly, and for a moment he abandoned his purpose.

Only during a moment did this better resolve continue, for, as he looked upon her, all his sense of honor vanished before his uncontrollable will and desire.

* * * * * * *

The fete has been progressing for some time, when Montluc, after receiving a certain message, hurried to a kiosque or Summer-house in the palace gardens, situated in a remote and thickly-treed corner of the ground.

This is what had previously occurred:

Sabrina, coming to Syracuse in the suite of her foster-sister, had been admitted with her, and allowed to wander about the grounds, on condition that she retired when guests approached her.

She had found the gardens almost deserted for some time, when footsteps approaching alarmed her, and, seeing a door open, she stepped inside. The footsteps still approaching, she, by the faint light from the moon, which lit the place, hid herself behind the arras hung on the walls of the room. There, to her utter amazement, she saw Bianca brought in, carried by several gentlemen, and followed by a number of French ladies. Her foster-sister being laid upon a divan, and the gentlemen retiring, Sabrina gathered from the ladies that Bianca had been seized with sleep at the banquet-table, and had thereupon been brought to this spot to rest, as being quiet and far from the sound of the music.

Sabrina was only waiting to hear the last of the footsteps of the retreating ladies, and she was about to hurry from her concealment to Bianca, when a heavier footstep stayed her.

The new arrival was Montluc, who carried with him a lamp, which he placed upon a table.

He had stolen near the fair form, and was thinking his success was worth all the danger he ran, when, to his utter amazement, the intended victim, evidently still unconscious, rose from the couch and began to go through the action of writing.

"Patriots," she whispered, as she moved in her drugged sleep, "up—up and be doing! Drive out the invader, and let the land be free!"

In a moment the Viceroy was the politician, and he had forgotten his guilty purpose.

"Yes, yes," he whispered the sleep-walker; "let them laugh and sing to day—to-morrow for repentance!"

"Ha!" cried Montluc above his breath. "There is a plot on foot!"

As he spoke he heard a low cry, turned with suspicion, having caught a poniard from his girdle, and saw Sabrina, from whom an ejaculation of fear may had been drawn by her knowledge that her foster-sister was all unconsciously betraying the secret of the conspiracy, the outbreak of which was near at hand.

"Not another sunset," whispered the unconscious betrayer. "They shall all die—die—die!"

"Bianca!" cried Sabrina.

In a moment, Montluc had placed the dagger at her throat.

"Another word," he said, "and you are dead!"

She was not patriot enough to pay with her life the honor of saving Bianca from her unconscious self.

The lady, unimpeded, walked to the table, took up a pen, and deliberately wrote, as she had on the previous evening, and thereby betrayed the names of the principal conspirators and their place of meeting.

There she left the paper, and then wandered from the kiosque into the grounds.

Montluc seized it, and, calling shrilly upon a silver whistle, his French guard entered.

Pointing to Sabrina, he said:

"Seize that woman, and keep her in close and separate confinement until you have further orders. If she attempts to speak in Italian, kill her."

Then he left the kiosque, and followed Bianca, tracing her footsteps.

CHAPTER III.

BETRAYED—BY WHOM?

It was the night following the gala at the vice-regal palace in Syracuse, and the eve of the uprising on the Feast of St. Clara.

This is the private sitting-room of the Lady Bianca, who is anxiously watching from her window.

"He comes not!" she says—"he comes not!"

A sudden footstep, however, within the boundaries of the room caused her to look round.

"Monsieur de Montluc!"

"The same," shouted the Viceroy, for it was he. "Learn that even your servitors can be bribed, and I have, therefore, obtained access to your private apartments. Ah, Lady Bianca, do you know how much you owe me?"

"Withdraw, sire," she cried, "or I will call for assistance."

"Do so; and learn, too late, that you have destroyed the man who had you in his power, and who spared you; who came here, at the risk of his own life, to save yours."

"My life is in no danger, sire."

"It is. See me at your feet. I love you. I offer you my hand and title, though you are far below me in rank. See if you can be my wife!"

"Learn, sire, that I was married two nights since to Rodolfo, Count Sangenaro!"

"Ah! without the Governmental permission! Then I have a right to arrest you, for you have offended against the laws! Yet still hear my suit. I can save the life if those will fly with me."

"You are audacious! I will praise you so far."

"Know that the conspiracy is discovered! Ah, you tremble now; and within an hour all the chiefs will be arrested, unless you yield. I will turn traitor to my regal trust if you will but console me. Will you leave this place with me, or shall your father, husband, friends, all die?"

"Horror!"

"Last evening you were unconscious, at my mercy, and I spared you. I was too loyal to cheat you when unable to pronounce judgment upon yourself. Ah, you yield! you will take flight with me!"

"Begone! Help, help!"

In answer to her call, a door was thrown open, and the Count Rodolfo entered the room. The swords of the two cavaliers were point to point in a moment.

"Think of my honor!" she cried, as though with sudden inspiration, but in order to prevent bloodshed, for in reality she only thought of Rodolfo's safety.

In a moment both men threw up their swords, for the appeal to them was equal.

"We shall meet again!" cried Rodolfo.

"Methinks we shall!" rejoined Montluc, who by this time had approached the secret door by which he had entered.

In a moment he was gone, even before the young bridegroom had time to say more.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, the conspirators, all unconscious that their secret had been betrayed, were meeting in the strange natural cave on the side of a hill in the environs of Syracuse, and which was used by Pietro the young armorer as a workshop. Very busily worked the armorers, and with a will, seeing they were forging arms for the peasants, who by that time were prepared to rise. But, if you looked keenly at the workmen—the hammerers, the forgers, the latheturners—you would have found that many of them had delicate hands, and that they followed their handicraft with but indifferent success.

In a word, mingling amongst the armorer's smiths were many of the leaders of the conspiracy, and notably those whose names, at the Andreozzi's dictation, had been taken down by the daughter—such as Andreozzo himself, Lollo, Strozzi, Salvisti, and others.

But the small, soft hands and careless workmanship of some of the armorers were not noticed by the French soldiers moving about amongst them—there ostensibly for arms, but in reality to report any signs of outbreak to the military commandant of Syracuse.

But, when the French soldiery had departed, hammers were thrown down here, pincers there, and the armorer's leather jerkin and apron being thrown off, the Sicilian leaders pressed themselves in chain-armor, and completely equipped for war.

The workmen worked that the noise of their industry might reassure the retreating soldiers, while the noble leaders conspired.

At the given hour the tocsin was heard, the signal for the rising amongst the Sicilians. The next moment, however, the heavy wooden gates which closed the entry to the armorer's forge were burst open, and there appeared, surrounding the cavern and its beyond, the French troops.

"Betrayed!" was the cry throughout the cavern.

At the head of the troops stood the military vice-regent himself—Montluc.

"Signors," he said, "fate is with us and against you, for ye have been betrayed by one of yourselves."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Rodolfo, the husband of the Sicilian bride.

"Most possible," said the Frenchman. "Here is

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BONES' CURE FOR FEVER-AND-AGUE.

BONES.—Aunt Dinah Quimbo, down in Jersey, 'sdead.

TAMBO.—Don't tell me! How much did she leabe?

BONES.—Eberything—didn't take a penny wid her.

TAMBO.—Go long—you're too fresh.

BONES.—You know dat ole piece ub road down by her house, how muddy 'twas?

TAMBO.—Yes. What ub dat?

BONES.—Dey's made it smoof as a floor. People see dat it's been macadamized.

TAMBO.—Ub course; dat's de only way to make a road dry.

BONES.—Bet you a Santa Cruz sour dat you don't know how to macadamize a road no mere dan a carmule.

TAMBO.—Yes, I do.

BONES.—Well, how'd you do it?

TAMBO.—Why, dat ole road always *was* lower dan de cranberry marshes on eider side; so dat in de Spring de melted snow comin' down de hills used to kiver it under; so you see dey'd have to make dams on eider side to keep ia de water, and when dey fix a road dusley dey say dat it is *make-a-dam-tized*—dat's all.

BONES (*scratching his head*).—Dat's putty good—go up head.

TAMBO.—Dat's a great county for fever-and-ague down dare, too.

BONES.—Don't say so! Dey ought to try my recept for de ague—it's good.

TAMBO.—What's dat?

BONES.—Ez soon as de ice is out ub de ribber, buy an old scow, take part in a *sane*, and go a-fishin' on *sheers;* stand waist deep in de water for six weeks in succession, wid *two feet* ub catfish slime at de bottom ub your *boosquets;* and bathe your inwards wid new whiskey to keep it from striken' inter yer stomach. Salt down a couple of barrels ub catfish for family use. Eat plenty ub dem, and drink plenty ub pond-water wid um. Take a sleeping-apartment in de woods, wid no sides and no top at bottom 'cept de earth; eat plenty of catfish-broth, go coomin' nights; good plan to sleep under de shade ub a tree, and let de sun crawl round and catch you; eyes begin to look yaller mout tastes bad, bog-water don't sit well, tongue furred, fever, doctor, drugs, and so on; den eat more catfish-broth, drink mixture of green corn, buttermilk, and plenty of new whiskey; clothes grow too large; face pecked as a hatchet; body sharpened out almost ready to drive down; drink more buttermilk and eat catfish-broth; lie down on de sunny side ub a haystack, and, if you don't shake like a lamb's tail in less dan a half an hour, dere's no life in yer.

TAMBO.—Why, if dey keep dat up it would kill 'em.

BONES.—Who said it wouldn't?

TAMBO.—Why, you said it was good.

BONES.—So it am; fust-rate for de ague, but blasted bad on de patient.

INT.—Mr. Slap Jack will please sing

Out in the Cold.

TO MISS CARRIE WILSON,
BY ROBERT MCKAY.

'Twas a dark, dreary day in December,
Bitter and bleak the wind blew;
As I sat in my snug little chamber
This thought shaped itself in my mind:
How many there are of God's creatures,
Ah, more than by tongue could be told,
With hunger's imprint on their features,
Perishing out in the cold.
Chorus.—How many there are of God's creatures, etc.

The millionaire squanders his money
On luxuries needless and vain,
While many of his poorer brother,
Or if he be in want or pain;
Academy balls and the op'ra
Take all his attention and gold—
He ignores the fact, there are thousands
Perishing out in the cold.
Chorus.—Academy balls and the op'ra, etc.

Something should be done, and that quickly;
The Winter approaches us fast,
The poor man needs work, that his fam'ly
May be fed and be screened from the blast.
O millionaire! 'tis in your power
To assist him—no longer withhold
Your help to a poor, starving brother,
Perishing out in the cold.
Chorus.—O millionaire! 'tis in your power, etc.

E. L. DAVENPORT AND THE LATE MRS. MOWATT

at the Park Theatre, in this City, in 1846.

H. N. D. contributes a bill of the above event. Mr. Leonard made his American debut in Sept., 1846. John Fisher died here in July, 1847. Sidney Pearson retired from the stage, and opened a music store in this city. John Povey died in London, Eng., May 2, 1867. Miss Julia Mildred is now Mrs. Melville (the mother of Emilie Melville), and is living in retirement in San Francisco, Cal. This was her first season on the stage. Mrs. Vernon died in this city June 4, 1869. E. L. Davenport is now traveling with Jarrett & Palmer's "Julius Cæsar" Combination. John Dyott is living in retirement in New Rochelle, N. Y. G. H. Andrews died here Aug. 7, 1866. We have no record of the death of A. Andrews. Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie died in London, Eng., July 29, 1870. Mrs. Dyott died in New Rochelle, N. Y., Oct. 17 last.

PARK THEATRE.

Boxes, $1; pit, 50 cts.; gallery, 25cts. Doors open at 6½ o'clock, and the performances will commence at 7 o'clock.

MR. LEONARD'S BENEFIT.

who has the pleasure of announcing that Mrs. MOWATT and Mr. DAVENPORT have in the kindest manner volunteered their services, and will appear in the comedy of

KING O'NEIL.

Marchioness de Clermont	Mrs. Mowatt
Capt. O'Neil	Mr. Davenport
Mr. LEONARD will likewise appear in both BORN TO GOOD LUCK and THE HAPPY MAN.	

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1846,

will be performed the drama of

BORN TO GOOD LUCK, OR AN IRISHMAN'S FORTUNE.

Paudeen O'Rafferty by	Mr. Leonard
(In which character he will sing "The Hero of Ballinacarrow" and dance his Irish Monopoly.)	
Count Malø	Fisher
Corodine	S. Pearson
Rufo	Sutherland
Carlo	Matthews, etc.
Pedro	Soldiers, Servants, etc.
Chatron	Milot
	Gallot
Countess Malina	Mrs. Vernon
Margaretta	Miss Miles

After which, first time in six years, the comedy of

KING O'NEIL, OR THE IRISH BRIGADE.

By Mrs. GORE.

Louis XV	Mr. Davenport
Capt. O'Neil	Mr. Leonard
Duke de Richelieu	Dyott
Sir Richard Fondlelove	Pearson
Gen. Count Dillon	G. Andrews
Major De Burgh	A. Andrews
Major Mackamara	Jones
Marchioness de Clermont	Mrs. Vernon
	Mrs. Mowatt

To conclude with, by request, the extravaganza, in one act, entitled

THE HAPPY MAN.

By SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.,

Paddy Murphy	Mr. Leonard

In which he will sing "I Came from the Land of the Pats and Potatoes," and "The Birth of St. Patrick."

Sam Snuff, the Resolute	G. Andrews
Foxl Fum, the Cracker	Welch
Ski Hi, the Star Gazer	Fisher
Ram Rammer, the Active	A. Andrews
Hi, Lo, and Si, Gentlemen	Milot
	Matthews, Heath and Sprague
Soldiers	Attendants, etc.
Ko Ket, the Man-catcher	Mrs. Fanny Gordon
Sing Small, the Subaltern	Miss Anderson

MONDAY, first night of the engagement of Mrs. CHARLES KEAN and Mr. CHARLES KEAN, who will appear for the first time in this city in the sterling comedy of

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Mr. Oakley	Mr. Charles Kean
Mrs. Oakley	Mrs. Charles Kean

with other entertainments.

The manager respectfully announces that Shakspeare's comedy of

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,

never yet performed in America, has been in active time in rehearsal, and will be produced on Tuesday next.

Valentine..Mr. Charles Kean|Julia.....Mrs. Charles Kean

THE ACROBAT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Oh, I was born an acrobat,
My start in life was somewhat humble;
My father cried: "Come out of that!"
And kicked me out of doors—to tumble.
"A staple trade," he says, "you've got,
And in your face of brass a fool;
Mind where you jump and watch the hat—
To prosper as an acrobat."

I tumbled through the cruel world's space,
Until a nobleman employed me
In a lamented poodle's place;
The pay and prog both overjoyed me.
The dog, it seemed, had tumbled to well,
But my flip-flaps bore off the bell.
Mind how you jump, and watch the hat,
To prosper as an acrobat.

His lordship fed me on the best;
When, suddenly, it chanced they proved him
An interloper in the nest—
Out for the rightful heir they shoved him.
I let him go, the deuce knows where,
And tumbled for the rightful heir.
Mind where you jump, and watch the hat,
To prosper as an acrobat.

Scarce was the new one in, when back
The rightful one's empire they were folly;
I'll twist and turn, and eat and sell,
And lead a life most awful jolly;
Since folks will jump and turn them round
More great than I elsewhere without,
I'll leap my best and watch the hat,
And prosper as an acrobat.

EDWIN BOOTH IN SACRAMENTO, CAL., in 1855.

Edwin Booth closed an engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 28 last; and through the courtesy of J. J. McClosky we are enabled to present our readers with a copy of a bill of one of his performances when he was a stock-actor in California, twenty years ago. Mrs. C. N. Sinclair, formerly Mrs. Edwin Forrest, and Henry Sedley are now residing in retirement on Staten Island. Mrs. Sinclair was also the directress of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., at that time. James Dowling died in San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 30, 1873. Lorraine Rogers is now the acting-manager of the Brooklyn (L. I.) Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman are living in retirement in California. H. McCabe is also in retirement in San Francisco. J. J. McClosky is residing in Brooklyn, in temporary retirement. E. Thayer is now at the California Theatre, San Francisco. Mr. Venua subsequently became a manager. Some years ago he went to one of the South Sea Islands, taking with him a quantity of fish-hooks, which he taught the natives the use of. He was so much pleased with his life there, that he went back to San Francisco, invested largely in fishing-tackle, and returned to his island home, avowing his intention of never again returning to civilization. He is believed to be still living there.

SACRAMENTO THEATRE.

Directress	Mrs. C. N. Sinclair
Stage-manager	Mr. James Dowling
Treasurer	Mr. A. P. Pettit
Machinist	Mr. W. Venua

REDUCTION OF PRICES.

THIS EVENING Shakespeare's great tragedy of

RICHARD III,

with a splendid cast.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 2,

will be presented Shakespeare's great tragedy of

RICHARD III, Or THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

Duke of Gloster (afterwards King Richard III)	Mr. Edwin Booth
King Henry	H. Sedley
Buckingham	Mr. Conner
Prince of Wales	Mr. Rogers
Tyrrell	Chapman
Catesby	Mr. Ferguson
Prince of Wales	Miss A. Smith
Duke of York	Master S. Chapman
Lord Stanley	Mr. McCabe
Lord Mayor	Mr. McClosky
Ratcliffe	Mr. Dennis
Norfolk	Mr. Thayer
Lieut. of Tower	
Oxford	Mr. Compton
Tirrll	Mr. Reeve
Lady Anne	Mrs. Wilson
Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. C. N. Sinclair
Duchess of York	Mrs. Geo. Chapman
	Mrs. Campbell

To conclude with the roaring farce of

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Jim Baggs (with song)	Mr. McClosky
Mr. Crinoum	Mrs. Crinoum
Herbert Carol	Mr. Rogers
Tweedle	Mr. Ferguson
Julia	Miss Adelaide
Peggy	Miss Annie Smith

During the pieces Mr. McCLOSKY will sing "Villikins and his Dinah."

In rehearsal, the beautiful play (from the French) entitled

THE MARBLE HEART.

Also, the new comedy of

STILL WATER RUNS DEEP.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Private boxes, $5 each; dress circle and orchestra seats, $1; parquet, 50cts.; boxes for colored persons, $1. Box-office open each day for the securing of seats from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance commences at 7½ o'clock.

Gentlemanly ushers will be in attendance to insure the seating and comfort of the audience.

An efficient police will preserve the strictest order and decorum. Children in arms will on no account be admitted.

HAPPY NED,

Or When I Meet de Darkies in de Ebening.

AN ETHIOPIAN SONG-AND-DANCE.

TO MY FRIEND NED WEST,
BY JOHN MCVEIGH.

I'm a lively nig dat always feels quite jolly,
It makes no odds what I chance to be;
I can sing and dance and tell a funny story—
You can bet your bottom dollar, boys, on me.
No matter what I go, you'll find I aman't slow;
I can hoe de corn and pick de cotton, too;
And when I meet de darkies in de ebening,
I golly! don't I elevate de shoe.
Chorus.—Dance on, darkies—dat de fiddle ring:
For Happy Ned you'll find am always gay,
And when I meet de darkies in de ebening
I feel so good I chuck myself away.

Oh, I got a gal, her name is am Lucinda—
She's de fattest wench dat eber I did see;
She dresses in de latest pin-back fashion,
And says she lubs no oder nig but me.
Her eyes am azure blue, she wears a fourteen shoe—
She can sing and dance until de broke ob day;
And when we meets de darkies in de ebening,
I golly! but we always feel so gay.
Chorus.—Dance on, darkies, etc.

TWO CIRCUSES IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., IN 1857.

Copies of advertisements cut from a San Francisco journal are appended. H. Coad is still living in that city; T. R. Hann still follows the profession; James Hernandez died in Singapore, E. I., July 10, 1861; Hiram Franklin was lost at sea some years ago; E. Fisher is living; Prof. Risley, one of his sons, and Dervani are dead; James Robinson is living in retirement; Mlle. Thierry is living; Mons. Schmidt is in Paris, France. It will be noticed that no names of the performers at the other theatres are given.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street, near Jackson.

Acting-manager	Mr. H. Coad
Stage-manager	Mr. T. R. Hann

GREAT COMBINATION OF DRAMATIC AND EQUESTRIAN TALENT.

CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EVERY EVENING.

HERNANDEZ,
the greatest equestrian of the age.

Hiram Franklin	The Aerial Vaulter
E. Fisher	The Athlete

PROF. RISLEY AND SONS.

Dervani	The Contortionist
Robinson	The Cannon-ball Player
Mlle. Thierry	The Equestrienne
Mons. Schmidt	The Great Dancer
Mr. J. Rowe	The Greater Dancer
Senor Rafael	The Experienced Ringmaster
La Petite Certo	The Spanish Rider
Mme. Ausmin	The Infant Prodigy

The above eminent artists will appear each evening during the present week, in conjunction with the dramatic company of the theatre, enabling the management thereby to give the most varied and attractive entertainment ever offered to the public of California.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress-circle and parquet, $1; second and third tier, 50c.; orchestra seats, $2; private boxes, $6 to $8. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance will commence at 7½ o'clock precisely. Box-office open from 10 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 4 P. M.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

Sansome street, corner of Halleck.

This theatre, having been altered and arranged as an AMPHITHEATRE, will open FOR ONE WEEK, commencing

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 3,

with the greatest force of male and female equestrians, gymnasts, vaulters, clowns, acrobats, posture-masters, equilibrists, contortionists, jugglers, rope-performers, tumblers, etc., ever concentrated in one establishment.

Notwithstanding the enormous expense, there will be no increase of prices.

PROGRAMME FOR THIS EVENING.

Overture	Full Band
Opening Glee	J. C. Rainer and Company
"Farm Boy Well, Ladies" (original)	Swaine
Duetto—Broder Bones and Violin, Swaine and Ole Bull Jr.	
"Going 'long Down to Town (original)	Swaine
Solo—Banjo	Sanford
"Lubly Fanny"	Swaine
The Celebrated Railroad Overture	Company

THE OLD SLAVE'S RETURN.

BY GORDIAN K. HYDE.

Da'am de cabin dat I left long years ago,
Wha' I passed my childhood's happy hours away,
Wha' darkies used to dance and sing and play de old banjo
After working in de cotton-field all day:
De tears dey fill my eyes when I gaze upon de scene
Wha' I'se dandled on de plantation knee,
I t'ink I see dem playing now upon de spot so green,
I t'ink I hear dem as wid joy dey shout.
Chorus.—(*Old Slave.*) I'm going to meet you.
(*Voices.*)—We will meet you, we will meet you,
And with words of love we'll greet you.
(*Old Slave.*)—Just hear dem words of welcome
From dat dear old cabin-door.

(*Voices.*)—We will meet you now to part again no more.

Dar am de voices dat I heard long years ago,
When I used to hoe de cotton and de corn;
And now to me dey sound like some sweet,
Or de singing of de birds at early morn.
But now I'm old and gray, and will soon be on my way
Wid de angels to dat bright and happy shore;
May I hear sweet words of welcome from dat bright home above,
As I hear dem from dat dear old cabin-door.
Chorus.—(*Old Slave.*)—I'm going to meet you, etc.

A REMINISCENCE

of the Hauser Family.

H. W. Hunt of Neponset, Mass., sends us a bill of a concert given in that town. The family returned to Europe.

TYROLEAN CONCERT.

THE HAUSER FAMILY,

THERESE HAUSER, Soprano; FRANZ HAUSER, Tenor; JOSEPH HAUSER, Alto; GEO. HAUSER, Bass, cousins of the celebrated RAINERS, will have the honor of giving their second concert in this place at the

TOWN HALL,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1848,

on which occasion they will present the following programme:

PART FIRST.

1. Der Wildschutz—"The Wild Hunt" — Quartet, with Yodlyn.....Rainers
2. Die Alpenhochzeit—"The Wedding Song on the Alps"—Soprano Chorus.....Rainers
3. Wer Hat denn Bier Umgachit?"—"Who Spilt the Beer?"—Catch, for Four Voices.....Hausers
4. Das Mutterherz Lied—"The Miller's Maid"—Tenor Solo, with Chorus.....Rainers
Schenbrunner Waltz—Cithern and Guitar.....Franz and Joseph

PART SECOND.

1. Der Bauern Bub—"The Farmer's Boy," Quartet, with Yodlyn.....Rainers
2. Was Hat er G'sagt—"What Said He?"—Tyrolese lovers and deaf father.....Hausers
3. Des Tyroler in America—"Tyrolese in America"—Quartet.....Rainers
4. Das Nachtigal—"Nightingale"—Bass solo, with chorus.....Hausers
5. Tyroler Walzer—"Tyrolese Waltz"—Quartet..Hausers
Hauser March....(Cythern and Guitar).....Franz and Joseph

PART THIRD.

1. Das Yagerleben—"The Alpine Horn"—Quartet, with Yodlyn.....Rainers
2. Tyroler ums Madestreiten—"Tyrolese Love Quarrel"—Trio.....Rainers
3. Wars Vellelcht um Eine—"Was it Not at One?"—Duet and chorus (by request).....Hausers
4. Das Munikalische Gretchen—"Musical Margaret"—(by request).....Rainers
5. Concert to commence at half-past 7 o'clock.

Tickets, 25cts., children half price. Doors open at half-past 6.

O. A. MILLS, Manager, American House.

A FRENCH AUTHOR'S CRITICISM ON SHAKESPEARE.

We regret, however, that, knowing so little of Shakespeare's life and character, as even the best informed of us do, that M. De Chateaubriand should have indulged in so many gratuitous hypotheses respecting him. We really think that the bright and genial creator of Othello and Desdemona, of Falstaff and Brutus—all characters bottomed upon strong sympathies with humanity—was the last of whom it could be said that "he had a scorn of himself and the human race." "That he doubted everything." "That he" (he who gave to Juliet no elements but those of love and youth) "believed no more in love than in anything else." That "he" (who drew Hamlet and Timon and Lear) "seems to have taken life as a fleeting, unoccupied hour, a transient and agreeable leisure." With all these puerilities, so commonplace as well as shallow, we are a little amused by M. de Chateaubriand's anxiety to claim our countryman as a Catholic, and at his discovery that Shakespeare's father was probably a Catholic also! But if M. de Chateabriand is not very sensitive to these points in Shakespeare that are most admired by the poet's unenlightened countrymen, he is very ingenious in discovering beauties that had hitherto escaped us. Quoting the following lines from Margaret's speech in "Richard III:"

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Farewell, York's queen—and queen of sad mischance!

The Viscomte exclaims in a paroxysm of admiration: "This is tragedy—the sublimest point of tragedy!"—"Sketches of English Literature of M. De Chateaubriand, London, 1836."—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE lion and the lamb sometimes lie down together, but the lamb inside the lion.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES IN EUROPE.

"KOSIKI,"

M. Lecocq's new comic opera, was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, France, Oct. 18. A correspondent says of it: "The ingenious authors, as the original name of the piece may have led you to suppose, transport their audience to Japan, to a very picturesque and fantastic Japan *bien entendu*, where the inhabitants are more elaborately and elegantly costumed than any Japanese we have ever seen in the flesh. The late King of the country has just died, and the coronation of his successor, Prince Kosiki, is at hand. A pretty little fellow is this embryo potentiate, very innocent in appearance, passably ignorant, and decidedly careless as to the great honors about to devolve upon him. His indifference is easily explained. Kosiki is not a prince, but a page—or, rather, a little village girl whom her nurse had substituted for the real heir to the throne. This woman, bribed by Prince Nanitou, nephew of the late King, had made away with the child, who stood between him and the crown, for Nanitou wished to reign himself; and, as females are excluded from the throne, the succession must fall to him. But the old Mikado, when he heard of Nanitou's diabolical trick, sent the traitor to a prison, and resolved to defeat his ambitious schemes by rearing up as his son the little village child who had been substituted for the young Prince. So Kosiki grows up in complete ignorance of her own sex, and, when the period for her coronation arrives, takes no interest whatever in the proceedings, simply submitting to an ordeal which, both cannot avoid. But Namiton contrives to escape from his confinement, and comes mysteriously, by means of a secret passage, to claim his rights. Unluckily for him, however, he has changed his cloth with a high functionary who has just run away with the Imperial cash-box; and no sooner does he show himself, than the Grand Taicoon Xicoco, mistaking him for the dishonest official, has him thrown into the river. So Kosiki is crowned, and very soon after married to the Grand Taikoon's daughter Nouatsu, submitting with equal complacency to the second ceremony as to the first. As may be supposed, the new monarch neglects her young wife in an unjustifiable manner, but at the same time is prodigal of honors and proofs of affection to a poor juggler named Fitzo, whom she had rescued from death, and towards whom she feels herself drawn by some mysterious affection. Fitzo is named a privy counselor, and part of his duties seem to be to attend the monarch at her toilet. But he has discovered that Kosiki is a woman, and escapes from a task which might cause him to be guilty of some irreverence to the modesty of the ignorant young girl. Namitou is extricated from the river, and no sooner does an opportunity arise than he makes himself known, proclaims the imposture practiced by Kosiki, and is forthwith duly installed in her place. Kosiki is overjoyed at the change. She is a woman, she loves Fitzo, and, once deprived of her lofty position, she has a right to please herself. Unluckily, however, a serious obstacle arises between her and her affection for the unknown juggler. Namitou falls over head and ears in love with her, and, as absolute monarch, is resolved that no one shall possess her but himself. Kosiki resists, the Mikado ignores her virtuous, and the young girl and her obscure lover are sent off to cool in a dismal prison. But Namitou's punishment is not long delayed. Just as he thinks himself on the point of realizing his wishes, the discovery is made that Fitzo is no other than the rightful heir to the crown, of whom the present occupant had attempted originally to rid himself; and behold Namitou dethroned in his turn, and the pair of faithful lovers happy forever after."

"JEANNETTE ET JACQUOT,"

a one-act operetta by Offenbach, was recently brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris. The libretto is by MM. Noriac and Gille, and the story is as follows: "M. Durand is a worthy citizen, who conceives the idea that his mission in this sublunary world is to do some act of heroism on behalf of his fellow-mortals. This duty has long been a great extent, forced upon him. One day a gallant fellow stopped a runaway-horse at the risk of his life, and then slipped away modestly among the crowd, first putting the fellow in the hands of the nearest bystander, who happened to be the worthy Durand. The people who gather round, consequently, mistake the latter for the real hero, and he is loudly cheered and congratulated. His name goes the round of the papers, and he receives a medal for his bravery. He enjoys a citizen felt a certain reluctance when such honors were conferred upon him, but he reconciles his imposture to his conscience by making a solemn vow to do something worthy of the reputation thus thrust upon him. So he engages, during overlooking the Seine, and passes his days in the hope that somebody may fall or throw himself into the river. He fails in vain, however, and at last gives vent to his benevolent intentions towards humanity in general by adopting a young Savoyard whom he meets wandering about the streets. This is Jacquot, and very soon afterwards the boy contrives to bring little Jeannette under his patron's notice, and the charitable Durand takes her into his house also. The fact is, the young people are ardently attached, and quite convinced that they cannot live separated from each other. Durand, however, has no idea of their secret affection, but, on the contrary, takes a fancy to marry Jeannette himself. Jacquot bursts out crying at the news, and the little girl faints in the arms of her protector. At that instant a cry is heard under Mme. Hindow; the long-wished-for event has happened; a man has fallen into the river. To throw off his coat and rush to the performance of his duty is, with Durand, the matter of an instant, but a very short time elapses before he is brought back himself swimming wet, his own life having been saved by a dog. Thanks to the cooling effect of his bath and the advice of a widow of mature years, the poor man renounces his design of taking Jeannette to wife, marrying instead Madame Patsche, the widow in question, while he consents to the union of his young protégés. There is a good deal of fun in the dialogue and situations of this trifle, and the music is light and gay."

"NELL GWYNNE."

A new opera, by Alfred Cellier, bearing the above title, was recently first performed at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng. A correspondent writes us as follows about it: "The opera opens at the village of Curds-and-Cream, where we find my Lords Court of Charles the Second, and for a freak acting as landlord and waiter of the village tavern, and dispensing their liquors and eatables to all comers gratis. Their object is scarcely creditable, however, for we find them inviting the rustics to bring their wives and daughters to partake of overbold attentions to all the good-looking females they meet. We learn, also, that their gallantry has driven from all the maids away from the inn, and in consequence they are left entirely without female servants. It also transpires that the cause of their enforced absence from Court is that Buckingham had given offense to the King's favorite, Nell Gwynne, by speaking disparagingly of her acting, and that Rochester had declined to marry Lady Clare, whom the Merry Monarch had selected for his bride. The opening chorus, 'Let the lip of pretty maid be bright and gay, and closes with a dance, the exeunt of the gentlemen being a reprise of the chorus. Now ensues a duet between Buckingham and Rochester, 'Landlord and Waiter,' in which the characteristics of the modern British waiter are hit off in amusing style, for the librettist has allowed himself much of the licenses of opera-bouffe in his disregard of chronological exactitude. Now enters Weasel, a miserly pawnbroker, who from stinginess is supposed to reside on the opposite side of the stage, at an old house designated Rat Castle. He is accompanied by his pretty niece Jessamine and her omnivorous and outré maid Marjorie. Weasel has heard of the unwonted hospitality of the new inkkeeper, and comes to avail himself of it, first having a distinct understanding that there is 'nothing to pay.' Both noblemen fall in love with the fair Jessamine, and cultivate the acquaintance of the curmudgeon with ulterior motives, and this incident is productive of a quartet very spirited and attractive, in which all concerned acquit themselves most satisfactorily. The departure of Weasel is followed by the arrival of Talbot, page to the King and cousin to Lady Clare, in the disguise of a peasant. He is speedily joined by Nell Gwynne and Lady Clare, who are bent on discovering the whereabouts of the disgraced lords, in order that they may gratify their pique against them by obliging them to recall their contemptuous language. For this purpose they are prepared to enter the service of the sot-distant innkeepers as servant-girls; and, after a very amusing ballad, 'The Slighted Maid,' sung with great brilliancy and expression by Miss Laverne, Buckingham and Rochester reappear from the inn and offer their hospitality to the ladies. The ladies declare their business, to secure the services for maids at the inn for two humble friends of their own, and, though they are fashionably attired, it would appear that the scapegrace nobles do not recognize them. A comic valse time, 'Be Kind to the Poor Girls, Pray,' which occurs here, is very taking, and will infallibly become a favorite, for the music being particularly sweet and tripping. This arrangement concluded, Nell and her friends retire, to make way for a rustic mob, bearing rakes and other agricultural implements, and headed by a pompous individual, one Amen Stopup, a beadle and parish clerk, who has captured a strolling player named Falcon, who happens to be also the lover of the fair Jessamine, and who is, in accordance with rural notions of morality, put into the stocks. As Squeak observes, 'Let a man eat and drink and gamble, and be depraved generally—that's human nature; but theatres—no, that's too much wickedness. I draws the line at theatres.' A 'Pillory Chorus,' 'Into the Stocks,' is extremely animated and vigorous, and somewhat redeemed the undoubted sluggishness of the preceding scenes. It should be here mentioned that Buckingham and Rochester take it in turns to be landlord and waiter, the landlord for the day controlling the actions of his colleague. They have vowed to be frank and open with each other in their love affairs, and break their engagement when they perceive that Jessamine is their mutual object of admiration. The stage is now cleared of all the characters but Falcon, who is put in the stocks as though he were a good investment, and presently Jessamine appears on the balcony of her uncle's dwelling, and joins Falcon in a remarkably effective duo of quite an ambitious character. It secured the first encore of the evening, and raised the expectations of the audience very considerably. Jessamine releases her lover from his ignominious position, and procures him a disguise, which enables him to escape detection from the excited villagers, who return to pelt him with rotten eggs, and also to participate in the grand finale. This comprises an allegro movement by the villagers, an andante by Nell and Clare, disguised as the would-be servant-girls, and a movement allegretto vivace, in which the characters give expression to their various sentiments. The result was sufficiently satisfactory to bring down the curtain amidst loud applause."

THE favorite musical instruments of Siam seem to be a circle of brass gongs of different notes, a four-stringed guitar, much resembling an elongated banjo, a fiddle with a heart-shaped body covered with buckskin, several drums from eighteen inches to two and a half feet long, and from six to eight inches in diameter, and two instruments made of differently toned strips of wood hung loosely together and suspended in a well-seasoned frame.

A MAIDEN lady said to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you will be very good and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

CALIFORNIA bids fair to rival Spain in the field of raisin production. Last year she sent to the San Francisco market 20,000 20lb boxes of raisins. This year she will produce 60,000 boxes, one vineyard of twenty-four acres alone yielding this season eighty tons of raisins from 240 tons of grapes.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

JOINED AT LAST.

Some fifteen years ago a gentleman, young and fascinating, whose manners and appearance bore the stamp of the beau-monde, met, in the society of a town settled on the Mississippi River by the Grand Nation, a young lady still in her teens, who inspired him with the passion of a lifetime. They became engaged. She had only beauty, grace, and the thousand nameless attractions which bind the sterner sex in fetters of steel, while he was heir to an ancient name and an ample patrimony. For them the days were shod with wings. Their life was one sweet round of love and hope and joy, their future shone serene and fair, and the months which intervened before the nuptial knot should be tied seemed to the prescient eye of love but a brief and passing moment. Alas! for the honest, ardent faith of youth and love and beauty, his parents interposed, and for a month or two the happiness of the enamored pair trembled in the balance. But what are obstacles to those that truly love? Mere straws upon the raging torrent swept down the current of circumstances into the mighty ocean of reality. After a brief period of temporary estrangement they met again, to renew once more, with greater fervency, those vows of eternal constancy with which Queen Venus weaves the meshes of her shining net. And here intervened an element which of all others is the poisoned cup—the fiend of jealousy. Whether prompted by the lover's relatives, or by the simple love of gossip and of mischief, will probably never now be known, but the tongue of detraction and of scandal began to whisper that nothing seemed too vile to say or too absurd to credit.

For a while the simple, honest faith of manhood was proof against these foul attacks; but alas! for the subtle poison of jealousy there is no antidote—nor poppies, nor mandragore, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East can medicine us" from its insidious ailment. For a long while he indignantly refused to credit the evil tongues which slandered the object of his earnest and devoted love, until at last, in a moment of frenzy, he bade her adieu forever. Frantic with grief, she sought him everywhere; but, seeking to conquer what he considered to be an unworthy passion, he made no sign, and would not be until divorced by a decree of God—death. She had come here, she said, at the instance of McDonald's brother, who had written her that her husband was living in an open state of adultery with his (the brother's) wife. She had also understood that he was ill treating her children, and she came here to see about it. In view of the fact that she had been creating a scene upon the street a second time, the Court placed her in bonds of $300 to keep the peace, and advised her to take a proper course to redress her wrongs. Mrs. McDonald comes from a highly respectable family, and her father, James Reilly, is a citizen of Kenosha, and a gentleman of wealth and good standing. All the parties are well known in this city and the place above-named.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Chronicle*, Oct. 27.

TOO MUCH OF WHAT SHE LOVED.—A man named Courbalon is before a Paris court charged with the death of his wife under extraordinary circumstances. He discovered an intimacy existing between herself and one Joseph Partridge. Partridge fled, impelled by several vigorous kicks, and the lady implored pardon. "Pardon?—ah, yes," replied Courbalon in a sinister tone. The next day, at noon, the servants placed on the table six roasted partridges, which in France are much larger than in the United States. As soon as his wife sat down, he locked the door and drew from his pocket a revolver. "Madame," said he, "the hour for your punishment has come. You have dishonored me by means of a man named Patridge, and have made six of his namesakes for you to dine on. You will now eat them to the last morsel. If you cease doing so, or attempt to give an alarm, I will blow your brains out." The unhappy woman, feeling the impossibility of accomplishing the task without killing herself, fell on her knees and implored his pity. Courbalon's only reply was to touch his revolver, and she therefore commenced her task. "I forget to say that I forbid your drinking while you eat," said Courbalon. The poor woman, after finishing the second partridge, showed signs of illness. She lifted her sad eyes to her husband with an imploring expression, but he pointed the pistol directly at her head. In two hours and a half the six birds were eaten; at 9 o'clock that night the woman died of indigestion.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOW A MORMON WIFE FEELS.—The younger Mormon, meanwhile, had been silent. She was about twenty-eight years old, dressed neatly in lawn, had pretty teeth, fair skin, and big blue eyes. Her two children, a boy and a girl, were drawing a doll-carriage around the yard, but, tiring of it, they came and leaned upon her knee. They saw pretty little things, and when I praised them she put her arms tightly around each little form and pressed them closely to her, hiding her eyes in the little girl's curls. What is your name, little one?" I asked the boy. "I'm papa's baby, and her is papa's dirl," said the little fellow, digging his first in his sister's neck. Then they started again on their romp around the room. "You must be happy with those little darlings, and of course your husband has no other wife?" "No, he has no other wife, "her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears, "but he will have before long. I have tried not to believe it, but I can see him slipping from me every day. I wrote my mother in New York about it, and she said for me not to live here a day when that happened; to bring my children and come to her. But I love my husband just as other women do. My children are his. I could not take them away and be happy without him. So I shall stay here with him."

"PICKING UP" A LIVELIHOOD.—The vivacious *Paris Figaro* gives the following incident of life in the French capital:

"The great florists, the cultivators of rare plants, are wont to fumigate the latter thoroughly with tobacco-smoke to preserve them from noxious insects. In this worthy endeavor they use a large quantity of cigar "butts," and this is what becomes of the ends of the *puros* and *reinos* which fall upon the Parisian asphalt. If we mention this detail it is not to make a parade of knowledge, but to notice a method of gaining a livelihood which we believe to be original. Frequenters of the boulevards know by sight a young man of some five-and-twenty years, well-dressed, of aristocratic appearance, and wearing a suit of Scotch chevriot, of which the color varies sometimes, but which is always of the same cut. Without leading a life of great extravagance, he disposes frequently of the dishes at the best places, and at five o'clock you will find him sitting in front of Tortoni's. He leads the life of a bachelor who has an income of two thousand dollars, and has no outside claim upon him. Well, these two thousand dollars, they are not income from any capital; he gains them by his daily labor. Here is how he does it: Walk behind this young man and observe him attentively. You will perceive that he has frequently a hitch of the leg, by which he brings, with an electric rivacity, the heel of his boot to the height of the hand. Regard him still more attentively and you will see why. The young man in question wears spurs in his quality of sportsman, and one might believe that it was to adjust the rowel that he executes this movement. Not at all. The heel of his boot is armed with sharp points. With these he spits all the cigar ends he comes across. When captured, they disappear in the pockets with which all garments of English cut are liberally supplied. The florists buy these ends of cigars at three francs per pound. In walking in fashionable quarters in the morning about sweeping-time, and in the evening by the doors of the theatres, he gains from twenty-five to thirty francs daily, and thus benefits

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

NO. 6 STAMPED ENVELOPES, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid; otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Nov. 6.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Kittie (2)
Ackley, Kate
Arlington, Lila
Ashbrun, Rose
Atkins, Maude
Adams, Mrs. E.
Aitkinson, Miss M. J.
Benson, Jennie
Beane, Fannie
Bridges, Winona
Brannahan, Virginia
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Brandt, Nellie (Well)
Borsy, Anna
Bechell, Louise
Blande, Edith
Carter, Blanche &c.
Curtis, Anna M.
Clark, Nellie (club-swinger)
Coventry, Julie
Celestine, Ella
Carroll, Jennie
Clifton, Minnie
Campbell, Mrs. P. G.
Celeste, Rosa
Cassell, Madam
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Courtright, Mrs. Nellie
Celeste, Belle
Deland, Annie
Dillon, Mrs. John
Daly, Mrs. Blanche
De Alves Sisters
De Lancy, Agnes
Dunham, Mrs. Christie
Landass, Maria L.
Dickens, Marie Louise
Davis, Emma (vocalist)
Dixon, Jennie S.
Dalton, Florence
Erwin, Mrs. E. Bridges
Edgarton, Lillian S.
Ewsing, Lizzie
Etta, Nilla, (contortionist)
Florance, Gertrude
Fox, Ida G.
Fay, Bertha
Fox, Annie J
Forrest, Lillian
Florence, "Belle"
Freeman, Lillie
Grinnell, Mrs. A.
Grimes, Josephine
Gregory, Mary A.
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Howett, "Belle"
"Helena"
Harrison, Mrs. H. H. (3)
Herlep, Grace
Hall, Minnie
Hasson, Sadie
Howard, Miss
"Frank"
Ilerd Sisters
Ince, Annette
Janauschek, Mad.
Kemble, Frankie
Keiser, Lila
Katzman, Pauline
Lee, Opal
Lewis, Pauline
Lollion, Mrs. S.
Laurent, Edna
Le Clair, Mrs.
Lina, Miss (Lulu St. Maur)
Leavitt, Mrs. "Bennie"
Lee, Mrs. Pauline
Le Varde, Kittie
Mordaunt, Marian
Malmburg, Mrs. Emma
Meinder, Mrs. J.
McCabe, Maggie
Mason, Nellie"
Pezzuolo, Mlle.
Peterson, Mrs. W. G.
Pierce, Lizzie
Putnam, Katie
Proudfoot, Miss E. V.
Prior, Emily
Pierls, Nully
Rinehart, Mrs. "Sam"
Robertson, Minnie
Rogers, Miss M. (late of "Zig-Zag" Co.)
Reynolds, "Vic" (2)
Roberts, May
Richards, Belle (2) &c.
Rood, Nellie
Robeson, Erba
Swinburne, Marie
Savory, Ida
Stanhope, Adeline
Selwyn, Blanche
Stewart, Adelaide
Sharp, Mr. Catharine
Turska, Miss E. M.
Ten Broeck, May
Turnour, Hepsey (2)
Thorne, May
Van Pelt, Lu-lu
Valdia, Miss Louise
Walters, Annie
West, Eva E.
Woods, Carrie (2)
Williams, Jennie
Warren, Dollie
West, Eva (of "Hump, Jones & Yeamans, Jennie
Young, Nellie
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arizona, Chas. & Armstrong (manager)
Abney, Frank
Adams, Chas.
Avery, G. F.
Armstrong, Chas.
Atkins, C. M. (2)
Adams, "Ned"
Aiken, A. W.
Amburg, Harry
Auber, Mons.
Allen, J. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Allen, C. (of Aldebo, Eusebio
Brayne, E. E.
Brahams, Harry & Bray, Wm. (Dutch "Bill")
Bordine, Agt. (minst. "biz")
Brayer, W. V.
Ballard, F. S.
Bloomer, "Jerry"
Benlin, E. F. (Agt. of R. McWade)
Bulkley, Jno. (musician)
Blossom, The
Brown, W. B. (of Howe's Cir.)
Byron, Fred. "Ned"
Bush, I. T. (2)
Benton, Chas. (2)
Burr, J. C.
Belmont, Francis
Bell, "Pete" (of Queen's Cir.)
Beehm, E.
Barrett, Wm.
Boisset Family
Bagley, Robert
Beresford, Frank
Barton & Lord
Butler, Robt. (pantomimist)
Bliss, Francois R.
Browne, E. G. (of Hooley's Cir.)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Benn, Walter
Bennett, Jas.
Butler, C. B. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Carroll, Nellie
Crabtree, Mr. Ife.
Crelling, Jr., Jas.
Chapman, Geo.
Cowan, W. H. A.
Crossley & Elder
Carter, Geo.
Corvella, Frank
Callender Chas. (2)
Carroll, Wm. (of M. Morgan's Co.)
Chace, Wm.
Codona, Harry
Crowell, Mr. (agent)
Cotton & Birdue
Clark, T. Allaynge's Op H. Sprin'field
Christy & Field
Chapman, C. (of Mr. Oak's Co.)
Childres, J. H.
Casseneve, Mons.
Lo Commedi
Campbell, R. C. ("Erin's the Str.")
Collins, Jas. (minstrel Sisters Co.)
Clifford, Harry ("Pomp")
Carle, John (vocalist)
Carlile, R. J.
Carroll, John
Clark, Jas. (banjo-maker)
Christie, Chas.
Cook-Pope, Mr.
Chenet, Jas.
Chase, Frank E.
Carr, Frank H.
Cohan, "Jerry"
Dunion, Frank (2) &c.
De Fanoey, Aoner
Darling, F. (of Robinson & Eagle)
Derby, H. W.
Douglas, J. R.
Davis, Fred. Sml. G.
Danos, H. A.
Deyo, Geo. W.
Delehanty & Hengler
Doherty, Ed. (of Gobe's Cir.)
Delmaine, Arthur & Fields
De Lindon, Ernest
Durton, H. (of Murray's Cir.)
Denier, John
De Mabille, Dion
Dickeson, H. A.
Dare, Stuart
Dorr, J. S.
Dunham, D. F.
Doris, David
Decker, Mr.
Durrow, Wm.
Dashington, "Jerry"
Emidy, R. S.
Eckert, John
Emerson, Frank (comed.)
Evans, J. D. (of Cole's Cir.)
Eling, Wm.
Eling, Jas.
Eckhard, Robt. (musician)
Edan, "Billy"
Eckert, Prof. John
Elsman, Emile
Evans, Chas. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Egan, H. W.
Eagan, J. W.
Eagan, J. K.
Edwards, Robt. (circus "biz")
Freeman, J. M. (pantomimist)
Fox, "Willie" (comique) (2)
Fahrney, Jno.
Ferdinand, Sig. ("fire king")
Finn, "Pinky"
Foster, R. (late of Olympic, N. Y.)
Fields & Hoey (2)

THERE IS A LETTER in the Paterson (N. J.) Post-office for C. H. Fish, comedian.

FRANK H. WHILLOCK is notified of a letter awaiting him at the Ithaca (N. Y.) Post-office.

Fish, James S.
Fostelle, Chas. (manager)
Farrell, John
Foley, T. (of Howes Cir.)
Dean, Dr.
Freeman, Edward
Florence, W. J.
Frawles, Harrison G.
French, J. M. (of French's Cir. &c.
French, Chas. P. (of Cottrell's Co.)
Foster, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Ferdinand, Dion
V. Amburgh's Cir.)
Grecon & Arling-ton
Griffith, Ed. S.
Good, A. D.
Guilfette, John
Gorman & Somer
Gale, Walter
Greye, E. S.
Gardiner, G. R.
Gardner, J. W.
Gilsey, Harry (agent)
Gilbert, J. M.
Griste, Chas. B.
Grover, Jr., J. H.
Green, Robt. L.
Goodman, Hank
Gaffney, Andrew
Gross, Joseph
Glenn, Robt.
Giddons, Geo. Sc.
Gildey, Chas.
Gaylor, Chas.
Giovanni, Sig.
Goldrich, P. C.
Gregory, G. A.
Gardner, "Charlie"
Gooding, R. D.
Gitzello, Mr. (late of Olympic, N. Y.)
Gibson & Denny
Gerson, C. (late of Olympic, N. Y.)
Hughes, "Dan" H.
Howard, Tar. &c.
Rich.-Bernard Co)
Huber & Glidden
Hamilton, Wiley
Hawley & Victoria
Holcombe, Chas J.
Hulse, Geo.
Howard, Chas. L.
Heywood, James
Hutsinger, Sami.
Hyde, H.
Harkins, H. S.
Howe, Mr. (with "Sam" Bull)
Hicks, C. B.
Homan, G. W.
Healy, Dan. J. E.
Hill, H. S.
Huthmann, Max.
Hutchinson, "Asa" B.
Haines, Mr. (late of Woonsacket, R. I.)
Hewett, Frank
Huntley, Stephen
Height, R.
Howard, Jno. A.
Haydon, W. R.
Hensel, Emile
Huntley, Wm. A.
Harris, Wm. H.
Height, "Bob" Sc.
Hedges, Thos. C.
Hemlger, Thos. (2)
Healy, H. (with Carrie Davenport)
Hill, G. A. (comed.) (2)
Hodges, D. B.
Irwin, Selden
Jerome, C. (of Jones, Wheeler & Co.)
Jones, Wheeler & Co.
James, Geo. T.
Johnson, Jo. Thos.
Jacobsohn, T. E.
Jenkins, "Johnny"
Jackson, J. E. (manager)
Jordan, Chas. C.
Jones, J. H. (of Cole's Cir.)
Kent, Julian
Kalston, Chas.
Kinard, Fr. Sml. G.
Kent, Chas.
Kendall, Archie
Kelly, Mr. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
King, Joseph
Kent, Frank
Kelly, Anton
King, J. (of Kine Bros.)
Kynett, P.
Kirk, Geo. W.
Levonian, Prof.
Herrma
Lennon, John
Lodge, Jas. J.
Lerock, G. F.
Lawlor, Al.
Lehair, A.
Leland, Matt.
Lansing, M. B.
Ledger, F.
Lehman, Wm.
Lee, J. (of Adams & Lee
Lorenzo Bros.
Lawlor, J. (of "Old" Pres. Butler)
Lind, Karl
Le Grand, — (with Heywood's Co.)
Lafayette, Frank
Lambert, Clay
Lee, J. H.
Lingthid, John (song-and-dance)
Morgan's Comb
Martinetti, Julian
Murray, B. S.
Martin & Ryan
Mullen, Jas.
Mooney, S. A.
Mander, Frank
McManus, Wm. H.
Manerville, Thos.
Manning & Lynch
Mason, Edward
Mack, Jno. (banjoist)
Morosco Family
Marcus, Prof. E.
Macauley, "Barney"
McWade, Robt. (2)
Morgan, Wm. (equestrian)
Marion, T.
Murphy, Edwin
Murphy, J. C. ("toothless")
Merrifield, Chas.
Maschi, Stephen
McLaughlin, J. H.
Morton, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
McCormack, L. M.
Murphy, J. S. (with Washburn)
Mason, "Dan" & Flora
Neibenger, Otto
Noyes, Frank
Nali, J. M.
Oaks, "Dan"
Lyne, Bryan
Orrin Bros.
Orrin, Ed. W.
Photte, Jno. H.
Proctor, Joseph
Parsons, Harry
Potter & Foxwell
Pastor, "Tony"
Poell, Thos.
Photte, Chas.
Photte, Jno.
Parentz, Henry
Phillips, "Gus"
Pritchard, Robt.
Price, E. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Pollock, A. J. A.
Patterson, W. H.
Poole Bros.
Pierce, Le Grand
Pastor, "Billy"
Pownall, C. H.
Phillips, Chas. H.
Perry, O. H.
Quinn, Joseph
Reilly, Jno. (Irish comed.)
Robinson, H. (of Robin. Minst.)
Robinson, W. J. (musician)
Robbins' Band
Rowe, G. H. (of Benedict's Minst.)
Rankin, McKee
Robinson, C. F. P.
Rice, "Dan" (circus "biz")
Richings, Bernard
Co., Manag. or Agt.
Rowe, H. W. (of Haverly's Min.)
Robinson, Jas. (circus prop.)
Rogers, Frank F.
Robinson's Minst. Adv. Agent.
Ray, "Billy"
Roberts, W.
Ray, "Billy & Maggie"
Ross, H. W.
Remous, Wm. W.
Rollande, Wm. E.
Room, Jas. D.
Rainford, Alfred
Reed, C. F. (circus "biz")
Rainforth, Saml.
Sully Bros.
Smith & Fox
Sydney, Geo. S.
Seals, "Archie"
Sellon & Byrns
Sherman, W. H.
Stanton, W. (pantomimist)
Showles, W. (of Cassidy's Cir.)
Simmons, Slocum
Sweat, Minst. (2)
Stubbs, Stokes (2)
Sibley, W. E.
Sautelle, Geo.
Strebinger, Fred.
Smith, Jno. C.
Smith, T. C.
Slate, Harry (2)
Summers, J. W.
Smith, John
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Shepard, Col. Burt.
Stoppel, John
Scott, A. F.
Sully, "Dan" (Irish comed.)
Sculiy & Barry
Saulsburg, N. (with "Tony Pastor")
Steele, Geo. H.
Smith, Jno. G. (circus "biz")
Stoner, L. P.
Straight, "Ned"
Sherwood, Chas.
Stetson, E. C.
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Smith, E. P.
Skelding, Geo.
Searle, Prof. F.
Strickland, W. H.
Taylor, H. (with G. Ballard)
Thatcher & Hume
Templeton, John
Trau, Julius
Turk, Paul (2)
Tinkham, Ed. A.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Vincrelli, W.
Van Wormer, G. H.
Willis, Oscar
Wingfield, John
Wells, Chas. B.
Wood and West (2)
Washburn, E. S.
Winchell, Ed.
Williams, "Tom"
Whalen, J. H.
Williams, L. B.
Whitman, Chas.
White, "Archie"
White, Chas. O.
Wilton, Ed. (circus "biz")
Watson, Saml. (equestrian)
Wells, C. B. (late of Ford's, Baltimore)
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.
Yale, "Charlie"
Zeiter, Jno.

DEATH OF WILLIAM WHEATLEY.—This well-known actor and manager died at his late residence, 120 East Twenty-third street, at two o'clock Friday morning, Nov. 3, in the 60th year of his age, he having been born in this city Dec. 6, 1816. He was of a distinguished theatrical family. His father, Frederick Wheatley, who was for many years attached to the old Park Theatre in this city, died in 1836 in Philadelphia, Pa., while there on a professional visit with his daughter Emma, afterwards Mrs. James Mason. His mother, who was for more than twenty years unrivaled on the stage of the Park Theatre in her impersonations of old women, died here July 18, 1872. His sisters Julia and Emma attained to eminence in the profession. The first named gained success on the operatic stage as a contralto singer. She retired after her marriage to E. H. Miller, June 1, 1840. His other sister, Emma, also retired a short time after her marriage with James Mason, whose father was then president of the Chemical Bank in this city, and who purchased for them a pleasant rural residence and gave them a liberal allowance of money. After the death of the elder Mr. Mason, a will was produced which gave her husband only a trifling annuity, and to contest this will her husband devoted his time and means, and she returned to the stage of the Park Theatre, after an absence of nine years, on Jan. 11, 1847. In the Spring of that year she played a second engagement, ending June 4, when she was tendered a complimentary benefit by numerous distinguished citizens. She acted Julia in "The Hunchback," and then made her last appearance on the stage. In contesting the will Mr. Mason triumphed, and, being declared entitled to an equal share of his father's estate, came into the possession of a handsome fortune, and at about that time Mrs. Mason died (July 16, 1854), at the age of 32 years. William Wheatley made his debut on the stage at the Park Theatre, Oct. 13, 1826, when not quite ten years of age, acting Albert in "Tom Thumb," the late W. C. Macready playing the hero. His performance gave so much gratification to Mr. Macready that he was engaged to accompany that actor on his starting tour and play the character of Albert. On his return to New York he reappeared in "Tom Thumb" at the Park, and for two or three years subsequently he was the principal representative of children's characters there. At the opening of the Bowery Theatre on Aug. 1, for the season of 1833-4, Mr. Wheatley was engaged for walking gentlemen. When the Summer season at the Park Theatre began, July 7, 1834, he was engaged as the principal walking gentleman, and he continued a member of that company until 1842. During that time he attracted attention in such characters as Laertes; Henry, in "Speed the Plough;" Michael, in "Victorine;" Nicholas Nickleby, Charles Courtly, and Harry Moreland in "Used Up." Later he acted with much success Sir Thomas Clifford, Alfred Evelyn and Claude Melnotte. During his early career here, he used to announce the following night's bill in front of the curtain, while attired in a neat court suit, as was the custom in those days. In 1842 Mr. Wheatley went to Philadelphia, where he joined the forces of the Walnut-street Theatre. In 1843 he returned to the Park Theatre, and opened Sept. 11 as Alonzo in "Pizarro." When "Werner" was produced, Oct. 4, he acted Ulric. He played Marc Antony in "Julius Cæsar" Nov. 13, the late J. B. Booth being the Cassius and the late J. W. Wallack, Jr., Brutus. He left the theatre when it closed, Jan. 1, 1844, owing to bad business. On Jan. 11, 1847, he, with his sister, Mrs. James Mason, began a star engagement at the Park Theatre, and prior to this he had visited Nicaragua, and it is said that he was the first person to raise the American flag on that soil. In August, 1853, in copartnership with the late John Sefton, he became one of the managers of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Drew retired from the management in 1855, and Mr. Wheatley continued to be the sole manager until 1858, when he associated himself with John S. Clarke. They retired from its management in the Spring of 1861. Sept. 30 of that year, Mr. Wheatley opened the Continental Theatre, that city, with "The Tempest." On Sept. 14 the dress of one of the dancers took fire, and in endeavoring to extinguish it, the flames caught the dresses of some of the other girls, causing the immediate death of six of them, and so severely injuring several others that they died subsequently. Among those who perished were the well-known Gale Sisters. He continued to manage the Continental successfully until early in January, 1862, when the owner of the theatre demanded an increase of rent, which Mr. Wheatley declined to accede to, and he withdrew from the theatre. Jan. 7, 1862, Mr. Wheatley reappeared in this city at Niblo's Garden, forming one of a powerful combination, which included Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack Jr., Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, and E. L. Davenport. In the Summer he obtained a lease of that theatre, and opened it July 21, with John Collins as the star. The regular Fall and Winter season was begun Sept. 15, with Edwin Forrest as the star, acting four nights each week, Matilda Heron playing on the off-nights. On Jan. 26, 1863, the new Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, was first opened by the pair, Mr. Wheatley being its manager. He attempted to run this theatre in conjunction with Niblo's Garden; but after about a year's trial he abandoned it, and confined his entire attention to management in New York. On June 1, 1863, he produced in Niblo's Garden "The Duke's Motto," in which he acted with much success the character of Lagadere. The other notable productions during his management were "The Corsican Brothers," in which he acted Louis and Fabian: "Satanella," "The Enchantress," with the late Peter Richings and daughter; "Bel Demonio," with Vestvali; "The Flowers of the Forest," with the late Mr. and Mrs. Hough, "With the late Mr. Hilliard and wife; "Arrah-na-Pogue;" and for his last professional act "The Black Crook," which enabled him to retire from the stage Aug. 31, 1868, with a competency, he having at that time disposed of his interest in the theatre to Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, who had for

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., T. Grattan Riggs opened Oct. 30, producing "Votes." Business only fair, the election excitement here, as elsewhere, detracting from the attendance on amusements. Nov. 2 the "Julius Cæsar" Combination, with Barrett and Davenport, played before a fair audience. Nov. 3 "Snil fiak" was produced for Mr. Riggs' benefit, and with Saturday evening's performance his engagement closed. Nov. 6 Charles Fechter, supported by Miss Lizzie Price, commences a week's engagement, opening in "Monte Cristo."

THE KATIE PUTNAM COMEDY COMPANY is to inaugurate their regular season at Library Hall, Pittsburg, Nov. 13, performing one week, thence to Wheeling, W. Va., 20, 21, 22, Columbus, O., 23, 24, 25.

MILTON NOBLES publishes his permanent address in another column.

SAM S. SANFORD'S "UNCLE TOM" COMBINATION performed in Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 3, 4, and is billed in Washington, Pa., 6, 7, Sharpsburg 8, Freeport 9, Butler 10, 11, Millerstown 13, 15, 16, Karns City 16, Petrolia 17, 18, Parker's City 20, 21, Edenboro 22, 23, Franklin 24, 25.

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE Miss Charlotte Thompson appeared last week in "Jane Eyre" the part of Mr. William E. Sheridan as Lord Rochester made the best impression of all of the supporting cast.

PHŒBE MCALLISTER, leading lady, can be addressed for engagements, as per advertisement.

GUSTAVUS ADAMS' PATRONAGE THEORY are to commence their season at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago Ill., Nov. 6, and will perform in Elgin, Ill., beginning 13.

AS WE NEAR THE ELECTION, the political excitement increases and the attendance at all the places of amusement is affected, wrote one of the Chicago correspondent, on Nov. 4, adding: "At the Museum, only fair-sized audiences have witnessed 'The Two Orphans,' which has been played with the same cast and very nearly as before. A very good business, however, has been done at the off-matinee, and 'Hoss' Nights in a Barroom' has been exceedingly well done. For next (this) week, 'Led Astray' will be the attraction for the evenings and regular matinees; 'Ambrose Gwinette' constituting the bill for the off matinees.....Bliss Whittaker and Frank L. Goodwin, treasurer and assistant-treasurer of Haverly's Theatre, have organized a party of fourteen colored dramatic people, under the title of the Old Dominion Slave Troupe of Dramatic Artists and Jubilee Singers. Fred. Warren is to be the manager; W. M. Dell, stage-manager; and B. Hamilton, advance agent. Their star piece is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Their first date is Nov. 9 at Racine, Wis., playing 10 and 11 at Milwaukee."

MUSICAL.

DEATH OF OSMAN E. DODGE.—Intelligence of the death of this well-known gentleman, which occurred in London, Eng., recently, has just reached us. He was born in Cayuga, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1820. He entered the show business in Massachusetts as a vocalist. At one time he made a tour of the New England States, giving concerts without any assistance, playing his accompaniment to his songs on a guitar. He had traveled with Bernard Covert and later with William Hayward, giving ballad concerts. He gained a great deal of notoriety by purchasing the first choice of seats for Jenny Lind's concert in Boston, Mass., for which he paid $625. He was connected with the publication of various newspapers in Boston, Mass., at different times. Some years ago he kept a music store in Cleveland, O., and from there he went to St. Paul, Minn., where, at one time, he was connected with Chamberlain & Commerce. Owing to some financial troubles, he left for London, Eng., where he remained until his death. He corresponded with a number of newspapers, among them THE CLIPPER, writing under the signature of "Uvas Ure," by which name he was known during his residence in London.

"KISS AND BE HAPPY AGAIN" is advertised by Roe Stephens, as among his list of recently published songs.

A CORNET-PLAYER desires an engagement. See J. T. Brannan's card.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are reported to be meeting with success in the Eastern States. They are to perform in Woonsocket, R. I., Nov. 13, Franklin, Mass., 14, Putnam, Ct., 15, Webster, Mass., 16, Southbridge 17, Westborough 18, Gardner 20, Spencer 21, North Brookfield 22, Springfield 23.

G. advertises for an engagement as leader of an orchestra.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, the Holman Opera Troupe was the attraction last week, Miss Sallie Holman and the old favorites meeting with a warm reception. On Nov. 6 Mr. McDowell, with his company (now in Quebec), appear for a fortnight, opening in "Under the Gaslight."

COLORED MUSICIANS, including a leader of orchestra and band, and other artists are wanted by Manager A. Address care of this office.

MLLE. ANNA BELOCCA sailed from Boston, Mass., on Saturday, Nov. 4, for Europe.

PATSON'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY is to sing in Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 13, Knoxville 14, 15, 16.

THE CHARLES SAYRES' COMBINATION is to perform in Spencer, Mass., Nov. 13, Worcester, 14, Westboro 15, Chelsea 16.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB is to perform in East Boston, Mass., Nov. 16.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE open for one week at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., Nov. 20.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA gives its opening concert at Pike's Opera-house, that city, Nov. 23.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, armed soldier, attached to the orchestra of the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, died in that city on Nov. 2. The deceased, who was 34 years of age, claimed to be a brother of Mme. Sherrington, the well-known English prima donna. The funeral took place from his late residence, No. 1,325 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst.

THE YOUNG APOLLO CLUB of New York gave a couple of concerts at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on the evenings of Nov. 3 and 4.

THE BANVARD TROUPE gave a concert Oct. 30 at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, before a fair house. The entertainment did not come up to expectation.

THE SOLDENE ENGLISH OPERA-BOUFFE TROUPE appear at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Christmas and New Year's weeks. They will be the sixth opera troupe to appear in Philadelphia within four months.

A CORNET-PLAYER, who can play second violin in orchestra, and tuba and double-bass player are wanted by Harry Wharfe, who advertises.

BLIND TOM opened at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, on Oct. 30, in a second series of concerts.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY gave concerts at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Oct. 30 and Nov. 1.

THE FOREST MANSION, Broad and Master streets, Philadelphia, which was advertised to be sold by the Sheriff of that city on Nov. 6, was not then disposed of. The Music Hall Company, who purchased this establishment, lost a large amount in their attempt to give concerts there under the direction of Theo. Thomas.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the Max Strakosch Italian-opera Troupe have had a week of very excellent business. The following operas have been produced: "Norma," "Trovatore," "Faust," "Lucia," and "Martha." They are to remain another week.

THE YOUNG APOLLO CLUB gave concerts in Reading, Pa., Nov. 1, 2, to a light attendance.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE performed in Albany, N. Y., Oct. 30, Rochester Nov. 3.

MR. W. A. WHITE, pianist, who announces he is well posted in the variety business, desires an engagement, and can be addressed care of this office.

OLE ALLRAUP, musical director, advertises that he can be engaged by applying to his address.

THE SCHULTZE-ENGLISH OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY, who are expected to arrive in this city from England during the present week, are announced to perform in Boston, Mass., Nov. 20, for two weeks; Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 4, one week; Baltimore, Md., 11, one week; Washington, D. C., 18, one week; Philadelphia, Pa., 25, two weeks; Cincinnati, O., Jan. 8, one week; Galveston, Texas, 22, one week; New Orleans, La., 29, two weeks; Mobile, Ala., Feb. 12; Evansville, Tenn., 16, 17; St. Louis, Mo., 19, one week; Chicago, Ill., 26, one week; Cleveland, O., March 5, one week; Pittsburg, Pa., 13, one week; Buffalo, N. Y., 19, 20, 21; Rochester 22, 23, 24, Syracuse 26, Utica 27, Troy 28, Albany 29, 30, 31.

THE SERIES of five concerts conducted by Theo. Thomas, and known as the Centennial Musical Festival, were commenced at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evening of Oct. 31. The Swedish Ladies' Quartet made a very favorable impression at the concert Nov. 1, that being their first appearance in Philadelphia. A matinee performance took place Nov. 2, the concluding concerts being given Nov. 3 and 4. The attendance was good.

THE CECILIAN MUSICAL BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, which was instituted Feb. 3, 1849, and incorporated April 26, 1850, is composed of vocalists, instrumental performers, manufacturers of musical instruments, music teachers, sellers and engravers of music. Jacob C. Heim, No. 1,004 Girard avenue, Philadelphia, is the secretary of this useful organization.

MISS EMMA C. THURSBY, George Simpson, J. Levy, Julia Rive, C. Colby, and W. C. Stanley sang at a concert at the Memorial Baptist Church, Broad and Master streets, Philadelphia, on the 30th Oct. The attendance was poor.

THE OATES OPERA COMPANY, under the management of Samuel Colville, commence a short season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 20, in "Giroflé-Girofla." Mlle. Rosseau, a new prima donna, has been added to the company, and will make her American debut as Mme. Lange in "Mme. Angot's Child," on the 10th of Nov. John T. Donnelly is the agent of this troupe.

VARIETY HALLS.

LA PETITE FLORENCE, in conjunction with Master Willie Pickert, in their pedestal dancing and other specialties, and Georgie May in her character changes, are at liberty to negotiate for engagements. They publish their address elsewhere.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at Bay View Varieties, Pensacola, Fla. See Manager Evans' advertisement.

RIPLEY advertises to give lessons on the trapeze.

G. BROOKS CLARKE, vocalist, comedian, interlocutor and stage-manager, advertises for an engagement.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, the fresh arrivals on Oct. 31 were the Lawrence Sisters, who gave performances on the double trapeze, and were well received. Departures: Le Clair and Mlle. Leonie. At the Adelphi Murphy and Mack constituted the new people. As "The O'Shaunessy Guards" they were a success. Departures: Sam Martin and Hall and Thompson, to Austin. Attendance at these theatres during the week only moderate.

BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION is to show in Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 13, 14, Madison 15, Davenport, Ia., 18, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 4, to continue the week.

SHERMAN'S NEW SENSATION showed in Olean, N. Y., Nov. 3, Clarksville 4, and is billed in Geneva 6, Bolivar 7, Rowlette, Pa., 8, Cowdersport 9, Germania 10, and then through the oil regions. The company commenced to travel by wagons 4, using three wagons and ten horses. The company includes the Sherman Brothers—George and William—Henry Rixford, Johnny Murphy, Miss Hazel, George Armstrong, Henry Spence, Alice Sherman and Frankie Rixford.

GEO. WINSHIP has assumed the management of the Adelphi Variety Theatre, Williamsburg, N. Y.

JOHN J. KIRKPATRICK is to open the Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y., Nov. 13 with a variety company. .....Matt Morgan's New York Novelty Company drew good-sized audiences to Tweddle Hall 3, 4. Route: Utica 6, Syracuse 7, 8.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Anna Rocheford, Kate Allyne and Harry Fox opened Oct. 30, and have created a favorable impression. The Misses Allyne and Rocheford are fine dressers, and sing with effect. Mattie Bliss did not open as announced, having been detained by illness, but is expected here 6. Carlyle and Son closed the 4th, going to New York. Fannie May and Kittie Sanford are billed for the 6th. Business has been the best of the season. Advices of Nov. 5.

LOUIS CUPP, once well known as the "Fire King," is now in charge of the restaurant attached to Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia.

OUR CINCINNATI, O., correspondent, writing on Nov. 4, reports: "The new people at the National Theatre Comique Oct. 30 were Charley Benedict, Paddy Murphy, Louisa Murphy, Tilly Antonio, Murphy and Shannon and Miss Devoreti's living statues. Benedict received quite an ovation the first night, and is evidently a great favorite with the boys. His 'nigger' business is very funny. He has been made stage-manager, vice Charley McDonald, who has gone to Loewen Garden as manager. Mr. Murphy's Irish songs are fine. His wife assists him in sketches. Tilly Antonio is a neat dancer and good dramatic artist. Murphy and Shannon made a big hit in Dutch specialities. The statues were very pretty. Departures 4: Billy Reed and Ida Greenfield. To open 6: Petrie and Fish, La Verde Sisters, Ross and Fuller, and Sheppard and Whitney.....At Henck's Hall the new people Oct. 30 were Master Tommy Fish, Alfred Liston and Charles A. Gardner. Little Tommy's performances on the cornet proved an entertaining feature of the programme. Mr. Liston is an artistic musician upon wood, glasses, crockery, flower-pots, etc., and has taken well. Gardner's Dutch songs and wittisisms make a hard hit nightly, six or seven encores being always insisted on. A regular admission tariff is now charged here every night, and business is as large as ever. Its departures 4. Underlined for 6: Thatcher and Hume, Dunbar and Ashton, Clara Belmont, and Green and Taylor.....The new people at Schickin's Music Hall Oct. 30 were Jennie Eagan, Josie Farron, Louisa Bliss, H. W. Eagan and E. S. Hodges. The Misses Farron and Miss Bliss dance prettily, and Louisa Bliss is a neat serio-comic vocalist, and Eagan and Hodges are funny comedians. Biz tig. No changes this week. Ida Greenfield and Billy Gardner open 11.....Charley McDonald assumed the management of Lewen Garden Theatre 30th ult., and started out with a company nearly all new, embracing: Admiral Yale and Lulu Yale, comedians; D'Alves Sisters, vocalists; Simpson Sisters, vocalists; Sadie Hasson, serio-comic; Emma Roberts, Irish and Dutch singer; Lew Davenport, sketch; Hugh Dennany, comedian; and Charley McDonald. Green and Sullivan are underlined 5. Biz fair.....The new people at the Eldorado Oct. 30: Blanche Daly, Nellie Dunbar, Jerry Cavana and Dan Griffin. Alice McGowan closed. Biz good.....No changes at the Adelphi."

CURRY AND FOX, double-bar performers, commence an engagement at Tony Pastor's, this city, Nov. 20, when they will introduce a new somersault specialty. Address care of this office.

WALSH NORTON, who is meeting with success in his new change of business, is highly recommended by Dan Shelby in a card in another column.

THE LESLIE BROTHERS commence a two weeks' engagement at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Nov. 27.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION performed in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 30, Fall River 31, Newport, R. I., Nov. 1, Bristol 2.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., was to have opened for the regular season as a variety establishment Oct. 31.

CONROY AND DALY, Irish comedians, vocalists and dancers, contemplating a tour through the West, advertise that they would like to hear from Western managers.

MADAME ADAMS' Royal "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe open their season at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6. The organization includes Chas. H. Adams, Wm. Eunice, Emil Goroux, Lew Collins, Frank Collins, Jas. R. Adams, Mons. Gordio, John Monihan, Young Herio, Frank Garland, Misses Rosina Cooke and Jennie Adams, Mlle. Alina and La Belle Rosina, under the direction of Grimaldi Adams, with Samuel P. Smith, treasurer; J. M. Chandler, advance-agent; Wm. Eunice, stage-manager; and Prof. L. Sidwell, leader of orchestra.

BLANCHE AND JOHNNIE NICHOLS have canceled all their engagements for the present, having temporarily retired to their home in Chicago, Ill., in consequence of the death of their father, A. G. Bagley, formerly of New York, where he was at one time a well-known manufacturer of gold pens. Their return to professional life will be duly announced. Their present address is published in another column.

VARIETY TALENT, especially ladies, can secure dates at the Theatre Comique, Peoria, Ill., by applying to Dr. Roberts, proprietor, as per card.

ACROBATIC PERFORMERS can find engagements at the Iowa State Exposition, now being held at Des Moines, Ia. See advertisement.

STEWART H. DARE, one-legged gymnast, and Geo. A. Hall, comic trick clown, are prepared to negotiate for dates. They can be addressed as per card.

ROBT. FOX announces his intention of retiring from the management of the American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., and offers the lease of that house to a responsible party. Particulars can be obtained on application to his advertised address.

BABY BINDLEY is so far convalescent, after her recent illness, that she has been enabled to travel to her home at Newark, N. J., where she is now residing. Her engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, has been postponed from Oct. 16 to Jan. 1, 1877. Managers desiring to arrange for dates are referred to Prof. Bindley's address, published in this issue.

THE LEASE and fixtures of a variety theatre are offered for sale by Williams, who advertises.

G. C. S. ROBINSON is referred to a card of importance to him in another column.

MANAGERS desiring to produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Bobby Newcomb as Topsy, are referred to press extracts and other particulars published in our business department.

KEARNEY AND MORAN, Irish vocalists and dancers, now performing at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., commence an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Nov. 27.

MAGGIE GLEASON, serio-comic vocalist, is ill in Brooklyn, E. D. She has been compelled to break engagements in Providence, R. I., and Newark, N. J.

S. WILSON, spiritual trick performer, stump-orator and sketch artist, advertises for an engagement.

AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, Louisville, Ky., Jule Keen and Sallie Adams appeared Monday, Oct. 30, in "Chris and Lena," and continued throughout the week to a succession of fine houses. Their specialties, singing, dancing and banjo duets introduced in the play met with much favor, the latter being superior to the usual variety-hall performances. Dunbar and Ashton, athletes and acrobats; Lizzie Conway, serio-comic vocalist; Perry Brothers, song-and-dance; Lydia Ross, balladist, and Frank Ashton, contortionist, filled out an attractive specialty programme. Nov. 6, Jule Keen and Millie Adams appear in "The Cut Glove," and the newcomers will be the Ifferd Sisters, Frankie Lee, J. K. Nolan and Millie Foster Advices of Nov. 2.

THE NEW FACES at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., last week were Carrie Loomis and Myles Morris. The performances commenced with a female-minstrel scene, Geo. Herman and Andy Collom on the ends, and Harry Williams interlocutor. In the olio, Lottie Brown, Ida Madigan, Belle La Verde and Carrie Loomis appeared in serio-comic songs, Minnie and Little La Verde in a musical sketch entitled "After the Ball," Andy Collom in banjo songs and a negro act, Myles Morris, in Irish songs and jig, and Hawley and Victoria in gymnastic feats, concluding with a farce. Business fair. Departures: Hawley and Victoria, to Syracuse. Underlined for 6: Saunders, Conway and Mack, to Williamsburg; Constantine and Le Clair, to New York; Achilles Philion and Minnie Farrell, destination unknown; and Neosakleta. To open 6: John Wingfield, the Victorian Sisters, Sullivan and Green, McMechen and Harper and Stanley and James D. Roome.....At the Metropolitan business has been excellent. The fresh faces Oct. 30 were Lizzie Mulvey in songs-and-dances; Foster and Kennedy, songs-and-dances; Emma Hoffman, a pleasing singer; Fred and Emily Siegle in double fancy dancing; and Lazelle and Mamitt in acrobatic feats. The departures Nov. 4 were Lazelle and Mamitt, who join Howes & Cushing's Circus; Foster and Kennedy, Brooklyn; Mlle. Elsa, Miranda and Lottie, New York. Announced for 6 are "Big" Lester, Allen, Waldron and Smith—Ione Lang, Snow Brothers, John Williams, and Ada Stanwood.....A new place called the Grand Central Varieties was opened Oct. 28 and has done a fair share of business. Richard Sully are proprietors; Fred Sharpley, business-manager; and Harry Healey, stage-manager. The people seen were Maggie McCabe, skipping-rope and jig-dancer; Louise Montague, serio-comic; Bella Pastor, serio-comic vocalist; W. O. Duffin, Irish comedian, and Sully, banjoist; Carrie St. Clair, serio-comic; Fanny White, balladist; Fred Sharpley and Harry Healey, versatile. Carrie St. Clair closed 4 .....The Sheridan and Mack Combination are billed to show at the Opera-house Nov. 9.....Johnny Allen and Harry Bloyd are underlined to appear at the Academy of Opera-house Nov. 13. A large number of volunteers from the New York variety theatres are to participate. Letter of Nov. 4.

AN EXCELLENT PROGRAMME at the Grand Central Variety (Centennial Varieties, Philadelphia, attracted the usual large attendance last week. The new faces Oct. 30 were Little Todd in his wonderful balancing act, entitled "The Column of Gold;" Burton Stanley's burlesque prima donna specialties; the clever contortionism of the Claire Sisters; Miss Lilly's vocalism; Kearney and Moran's songs-and-dances; and Miss Maggie Weston's character songs. On Nov. 6 the following new arrivals appear: Harry Clifford, Sheffer and Slavin, Miss Blanche Correlli, and Harris and Carroll.

AT DOCKRAY'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the same old story of crowded houses was chronicled during the week ending Nov. 4, the new faces being Gorman and Romer, the clever Dutch comedians; the Suydam Brothers, and Fannie May; the lengthy programme terminating with the nicely-worked-out drama of "Dick the Sport." The Four Dalys open here on the 6th inst. Specialty artists are wanted. See card.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, a lengthy programme was given during last week, including as the new faces appearing Carrie Loomis and Della Cushing. Minnie Lonsdale commences an engagement here Nov. 6. Variety talent is advertised for.

THE NEW FACES at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the week ending Nov. 4, were Mons. and Mme. Dyer, Lizzie Byron and Wenona Bridges, Scully and Melrose, and the Antonio Sisters open Nov. 6. Business has been very good. Variety performers can always find engagements here as per advertisement.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., another dramatic season was inaugurated Oct. 30, with Miss Katie Putnam as the leading feature. She acted in "The Old Curiosity Shop" the first three nights of the week and Wednesday matinee. The remainder of the week was filled out with a comedy-drama from the pen of Miss Emily Thorne, entitled "Hope, or the Match-girl," which was then acted for the first time upon any stage. Our correspondent failed to give any detailed account of it. The business done was more than satisfactory.....At the Olympic Theatre, during the same period, an adaptation of "The Two Orphans" was made by the appellation of "The Orphan of Geneva," preceded by the sketch "A Roving Irish Tinker" and "Miss Dittmus' Party," interspersed with character songs by Dot Aborn, Prof. Donaldson in cannon-ball juggling, Irish and Dutch specialties, Master Harold the fire-king, and Frank Raymond in dialect and motto songs. The house was nightly well filled.

THE HOLLIDAY-STREET NOVELTY THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., had for its attraction last week Oliver Doud Byron, "Pierpont Morgan, or Sentenced to Death." This has been the most successful engagement ever played by Mr. Byron in this city. His impersonation of Hoyley Snayle made a hit, and he had good support from the dramatic company, comprising O. D. Collins, Geo. W. Mitchell, Geo. Jackson, Fred Fleming, Mrs. Geo. Jackson and Jennie Christie. The following artists embrace the olio portion of the performance: Blanche Correlli, whose fine singing gained her deserved applause; the Brahams—Harry and Lizzie—in their original sketch entitled "Mamma's Pet," which proved highly pleasing, and Crossley and Elder, who in athletic sports have proved a good card. Miss Correlli, the Brahams, and Crossley and Elder took their departure Nov. 4. The new faces for this week are Mlle. Kate Rance, Scanlin and Cronin, Lurline, Miss Marie Whitingham and Master Newman, and De Witt Cooke.....At the New Central Theatre business was only moderate; although a sterling olio performance was produced each night. Marie Sherman, charming balladist; Lizzie Barnett in choice vocal selections; Emma Bretto, serio-comic; Blanche Selwyn, male impersonator; Ben Guilfoil and Levi Brown; and Prof. Lawrence's living statues have been introduced each evening, together with Mons. Grossi's "Le Minuet" ballet troupe, concluding with the drama entitled "Red Dick," in which George B. Radcliffe in the title-role. Fresh arrivals Nov. 5: Dick Gorman and Kit Carson Jr., Miss Sherman, Blanche Selwyn and Ben Guilfoyll left for Washington, D. C., Nov. 4.....At the Odeon Variety the fresh arrivals Oct. 30 were Frank and Eva Bennett, Bryant and Williams, Emma Clifford, Kitty Smith, Frankie Johnson; Adele Leonard and Minnie Lee. Departures Nov. 4: Kittie Smith and Frankie Johnson. Billed for Nov. 6: Millie Georgia and Jennie Lindsay.....At the Sully Bros.' variety theatre, destination unknown. Opening 6 are Nat and Bernetta Blossom, Bob Brimmer, and the Misses Flake, Baldwin and Jeanette Lewis. Billy Harris of Harris and Carroll was in Reading several days, the guest of his variety friends there.

BILLY HAMILTON was recently presented by his wife with a boy in Terre Haute, Ind.

PRICES TOOK A TUMBLE at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., on Oct. 30, owing to the opposition which has been going on all the season. They are now 10, 15 and 25 cents. The new faces on the above date were as follows: Jeppe and Fanny Delano, who made a hit last season, and increased their reputation this by the introduction of new songs, sketches, etc. Master Charlie (of Morosco Family) gave a slack-wire act that took very well. Welby and Pearl are song-and-dance men of only fair ability. The Martinetti's, Charles and Edward, were seen as the two comiques, and later in the pantomime of "Jocko," which was well done, and met with applause. Gracie May is a novice, who needs experience and a voice to make a success. The Morosco Family are very good, and their act drew forth three encores. Clara Moore's character and descriptive songs were finely rendered. Fannie Delano had to refuse a fourth recall for her staff-ball solo. Nellie Heywood introduced her well-known and artistic jig, meeting with favor. No closing people this week. The new ones for the 6th are Gussie McCain, Edna Markley, Sullivan and Green, Joe Goss and S. Arthur. The Morosco Family did not appear after the first night, Manager Welch claiming that their act was not good enough. Mills, G. Barlow met with a cordial reception, and Primrose and West in their clog dancing were exceptionally fine.

J. M. NORCROSS, bass-singer and interlocutor, advertises for engagements.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS continue to draw large audiences in Philadelphia.

CIRCUSES.

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THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Ill., is doing a very steady business. The new acts Oct. 30 were Cameron and Clark, Sig. R. Sbocco, the Starr Sisters, and Wm. Devere and Ella Arnold, and they have proved valuable acquisitions. The departures Nov. 4 are Hattie Hawthorne and Emma Brennan, destination unknown, and Emmerson and Clark, who open in Detroit Nov. 13. The arrivals for the 6th are Beasley Sage and Lottie Granger, Billy Edington, Pa.; the Brennans and Liable, to Toledo, O.; Frank Lewis, to Chicago, Ill. Announced for 6 are Al Burnett, Helen Nash, Griffin and Rice, Lulu Mortimer, Harry Morris, Victorelli and Corella.....Central Variety, Philadelphia, closed Nov. 4 want of business. Company all remain in the city, excepting Billy Hasson and Nellie Hart, who left for Chicago, and Emma Dillon, for New York. Letter of Nov. 5.

JOE FRENCH does not appear in Hartford, Ct., this week, on account of illness, and has so notified the manager. He returns to Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 27, for the rest of the season, with the privilege of fulfilling brief engagements in other cities.

BUSINESS at the Barton Opera-house last week was good. Prof. Neil Smith with his troupe of trained dogs executed a number of tricks quite fairly. Frank Carlton appeared in songs and dances, and proved an attractive card. The departures Nov. 4 were Cummings and Hines to Albany; Kine Bros., New York; Little McDermott, Newark, N. J., and Alice Somers, Brooklyn. New arrivals for Nov. 6: Hawley and Victoria, Mollie Demar, Kittie Gardner, Annie Wood, and Eugene Blitz.

GEORGE LOWDEN died in San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 16, of congestion of the lungs. He was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and during the past seven years had been connected with various variety theatres in 'Frisco, having been last engaged at the Olympic Theatre.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DEATH OF ISAAC RAY.—A communication from Kentucky announces the death of a veteran minstrel performer to whom reference was last week made in these columns in the reminiscential article called forth by the death of Richard W. Pelham. Isaac Ray was professionally known as "Sam Johnson," a name suggested by that of a prominent character in T. D. Rice's sketch of "Oh, Hush!"—the dandy darky in "The Virginia Cupid." The visible records of "Sam Johnson's" early career as a delineator of negro characters passed out of existence long before he himself was called away, and he is remembered in his prime by but few of his contemporaries, such as Sam Sanford, Dan Emmett, William Whitlock and John Smith. It is our impression that his early years were passed mainly with circuses at the South. At the North he was conspicuous for but a few years, and then as a drollery rather than as a musician. In the Summer of 1844, when Louis Schwartz of the Otto Cottage, Hoboken, made a bold effort to withstand the rivalry of McCarty's Elysian Fields, Sam Johnson and Master Ben Mallory were leading features of a band of minstrels forming a part of the attraction at the Cottage. He played the triangle in this band-concert quartet. He seems to have been his first appearance with a minstrel band in this vicinity, though he and Sam Sanford had doubtless appeared in a band in Philadelphia prior to this. Separating from Mallory, in 1844-5 he was engaged by Dr. Lent, the banjoist of the Brothers and Sisters, among whom were Jerry Bryant as bones, Barney Williams, Charley White, and others, and who held forth at Vauxhall Garden, the Elysian Fields, etc. It was during this season that Dan Bryant appeared at Vauxhall Garden for his benefit, and it was on July 14, 1845, for Pete Delara's benefit, that Jerry danced "his match for $1,000 with Master Tommy Teaser from Troy, the audience to be the judges!" Except that he appeared occasionally at the Bowery Amphitheatre in 1845, he remained at or near the Vauxhall Saloon, "Sam Johnson" disappeared from the sight of New-Yorkers after his "operatic brothership" at Vauxhall. Report attributes to him subsequent association with Dan Rice in the circus business, and also makes him the navigator of a steamboat on the Ohio River, and the cultivator of an extensive farm in Kentucky. Although in his seventy-second year, yet he was so well preserved that those who saw him just before his demise agree that he had the appearance of a man who was not more than forty-five or fifty. His reputation for neighborliness was good, as it as a business man he stood high, being both active and punctual. He died at River View, Ky., either on Oct. 25 last or Nov. 1, our advices, received Nov. 4, simply saying "last Wednesday." A few years ago he was residing in or near St. Louis.

LEW SIMMONS and E. N. Slocum have severed their connection with the troupe bearing their names and that of Billy Sweetman, at the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, where they appeared for the last time on the evening of Oct. 31. They are now engaged in organizing a minstrel troupe, with which they will start on an extended tour throughout the country, opening Nov. 20 at Easton, Pa. Welch and Rice, George W. Harley and George Thatcher are mentioned as members of this new troupe. The cause of the secession of Messrs. Simmons and Slocum from the establishment with which their names had been so favorably associated during the past six seasons, is understood to be dissatisfaction at the manner in which they were treated in financial matters by the proprietors of the house.

J. H. LAINE, having resigned his position of traveling agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad, has accepted the appointment of general agent of the California Minstrels, and will make a tour with them of the principal cities in the United States. He can be addressed care of this office.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTREL COMPANY includes Cal Wagner, J. H. Clifford, Jno. F. Fields, D. R. Harkins, Harris Froit, Frank Howard, F. W. Otis, L. M. Booth, T. B. Long, Pettis Yachel, John Killian, Sam Blair, G. B. McDonald, Geo. Herrick, W. H. Hunt, and Wm. F. Hoey.

HARRY CLAPHAM, manager of Haverly's Minstrels, was presented by his wife with a son on Oct. 19.

RICHARD WARD PELHAM, one of the pioneers of minstrelsy, of whom an obituary notice appeared in our last issue, and who died of cancer in Liverpool, Oct. 8, was buried in Anfield Cemetery, Sam Hague, his entire minstrel band, and a great number of private friends being present. Mr. Hague is to give a benefit Nov. 16 for the widow and children, who are left in straitened circumstances.

BUSINESS has been rather light at both minstrel houses in Chicago, Ill. At Haverly's the company will hereafter be known as Emerson's California Minstrels. No departures or arrivals.....At Hooley's, Lehman & Caron's troupe have provided an excellent entertainment, the gymnastic and musical performances of Mons. Caron and sons being fine; also, the musical rocks by Horatio Nelson. They go to New York at the end of their engagement here. The arrivals the 6th are Willie Cobb and his miniature circus of performing dogs, monkeys and goats, the Livingstone Brothers and John Murtz, gymnasts. The minstrel company continue in their first part.

FRANK MORAN has returned to Philadelphia, to look after his interests in a lawsuit that he has on hand.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS performed in the Opera-house, Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 2, to a large audience. Our correspondent says: "The programme began with a racy olio, introducing Will Lavake as interlocutor and Thomas Sadlier and J. C. Murphy as end men. The sentimental solos by H. Bushby, Geo. Gale and Will Lavake were all finely rendered. Geo. Robinson's female impersonations and singing were received with favor. Walters, Sadler and Kelly in their triple statue clog proved themselves good cards. H. J. Walton's musical specialties and H. Marsh's trombone solo were encored. The bill concluded with a roaring sketch entitled 'Nervous and Brave.' They appeared in Belleair, O., 2, Zanesville 4, and are billed in Lancaster 6, Washington 7, Circleville 8, Chillicothe 9, Portsmouth 10, Maysville, Ky., 11, Louisville 13, Bowling Green 16, Clarksville, Tenn., 17, Nashville 18. Charles Belknap, basso, joined the company at Wheeling. Harry Robinson is temporarily located in Chicago on business, and rejoins the company in Louisville, Ky."

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS commenced a three nights' engagement at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Oct. 31, playing to highly appreciative audiences. George Wilson kept the house in the best of humor, Mills, G. Barlow met with a cordial reception, and Primrose and West in their clog dancing were exceptionally fine.

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JOE FR

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876,

Chronology of Sporting Events Occurring in 1876,

Astronomical Information for the Year,

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FROSTBURG, MD.
for rent, by the night, week, or on percentage, to first-class companies and combinations only. It is beautifully frescoed, has first-class stage, scenery and dressing-rooms, is seated with opera chairs, heated with steam, and lighted with gas. The nicest little house in the State. Capacity, 600. Address PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE,
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TO MANAGERS.—IN MAKING out routes for Southern tours, managers will find it to their interests to correspond with REAT CAMPBELL, Gen. Pass. Agent Montgomery and Eufaula R. R., Montgomery, Ala., for information as to rates, schedules, etc., between Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans or Mobile, and Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, Eufaula, Atlanta, and Savannah. All letters cheerfully and promptly answered. Where schedules do not suit dates, special trains will be furnished at low rates. 34-13t

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30-tf 37 W. 14th street, bet. 5th and 6th avenues, N. Y.

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Managers are hereby cautioned against producing, for causing to be produced, any play, entitled
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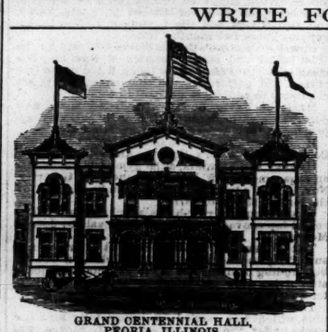

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